THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.
FEBRUARY, 1888.

PICTURESQUE IRELAND.

II.

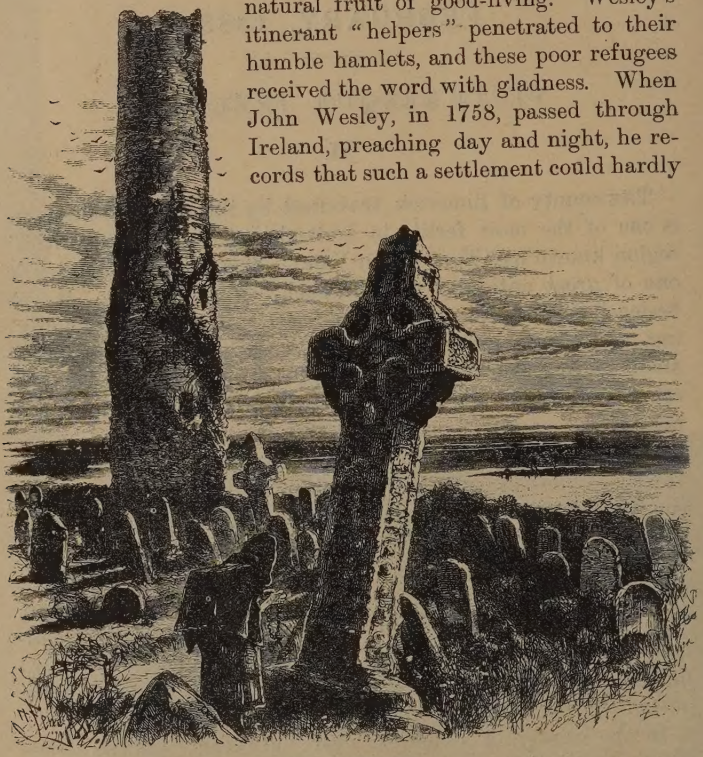
THE county of Limerick, traversed by the winding Shannon, is one of the most fertile in Ireland, especially the beautiful region known as "The Golden Vale." The city of Limerick is one of great antiquity and of much historic interest. It was besieged several times, and the old castle, shown in our engraving, which was built by King John, still shows the breaches made by the Parliamentary cannon. The great gateway and round towers are still in good preservation, but the picturesqueness of the castle is marred by the modern roofs and by the building of the barracks, into which the interior has been converted. Limerick was the last place in Ireland to submit to the Cromwellian forces, a matter of which many of its inhabitants are very proud. The present population is about 50,000. The Protestant part of the city is thrifty and clean; but just reverse must be said of the Roman Catholic portion. It is situated about eighty miles from the mouth of the Shannon, and has an active foreign and coasting trade. It has two fine cathedrals, Anglican and Roman Catholic, and many of the older houses are in the Flemish style.

In the county of Limerick, near Rathkeale, was the settlement of Palatine refugees, among whom some of Wesley's earliest converts in Ireland took place.

In a contemporary list of these "Irish Palatines" occur the names, afterwards so familiar in the United States and Canada, of Embury, Heck, Ruckle, Sweitzer, and others. They are described by a historian of their adopted country as frugal and honest, "better clothed than the generality of Irish peasants. Their houses are remarkably clean, beside which they have a

stable, cow-houses, and neat kitchen gardens. The women are very industrious. In short, the Palatines have benefitted the country by increasing tillage, and are a laborious, independent people, who are mostly employed on their own farms."

In the good Protestant soil of those hearts, providentially prepared for the reception of the Gospel, the seed of Methodism was early sown, and brought forth its natural fruit of good-living. Wesley's itinerant "helpers" penetrated to their humble hamlets, and these poor refugees received the word with gladness. When John Wesley, in 1758, passed through Ireland, preaching day and night, he records that such a settlement could hardly



CLONMACNOISE.

elsewhere be found in either Ireland or England. The Palatines had erected a large chapel. "There was no cursing or swearing, no Sabbath-breaking, no drunkenness, no alehouse among them. They were a serious, thinking people, and their diligence had turned all their land into a fruitful garden. How will these poor foreigners," he exclaims, "rise up in the Day of Judgment against those that are round about them!"

In this remarkable community was born, in the year 1734, the child destined to be the mother of Methodism in the New World. The family seem to have been of respectable degree, and gave the name, Ruckle Hill, to the place of their residence in Balligarrene. Barbara Ruckle was nurtured in the fear of the Lord, and in the practice of piety. She grew to womanhood fair in person, and adorned especially with those spiritual graces which constitute the truest beauty of female character. In her eighteenth year she gave herself for life to the Church of her fathers, and formally took upon her the vows of the Lord.

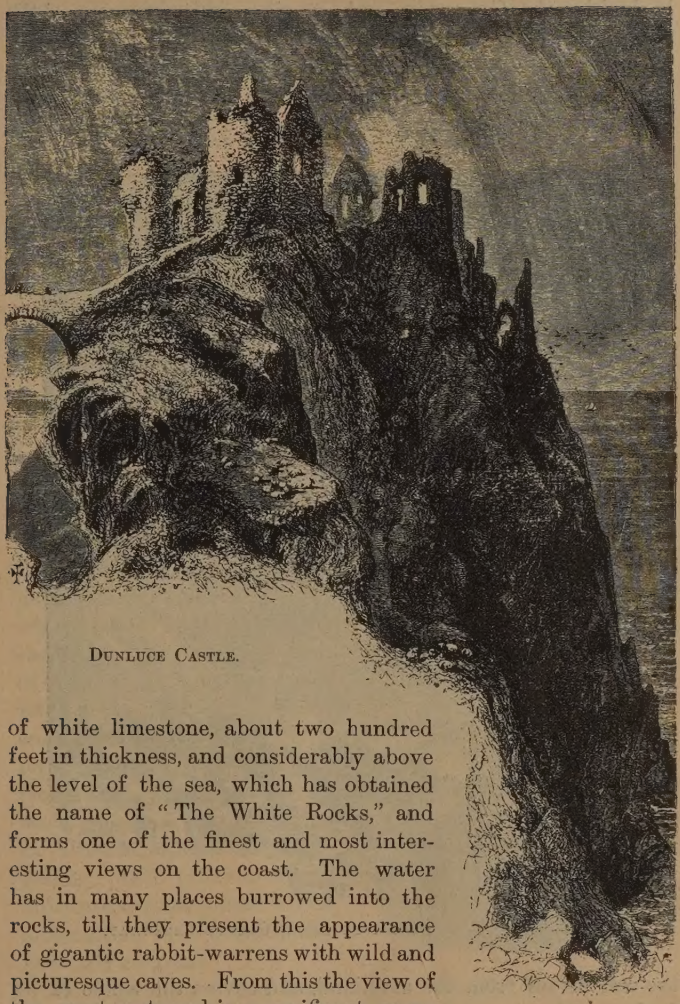
In 1760, in the twenty-sixth year of her age, she was united in Christian wedlock to Paul Heck, who is described as a devout member of the Teutonic community. Ireland then had scarce begun to send forth the swarms of her children who afterward swelled the population of the New World. Only her more adventurous spirits would brave the perils of the stormy deep and of the untried lands beyond the sea. It is therefore an indication of the energy of character of those Irish Palatines that about this time a little company of them resolved to try their fortunes on the continent of America.

"On a spring morning of 1760," writes one who was familiar with the story, "a group of emigrants might have been seen at the Custom House Quay, Limerick, preparing to embark for America. At that time emigration was not so common an occurrence as it is now, and the excitement connected with their departure was intense. They were accompanied to the vessel's side by crowds of their companions and friends, some of whom had come sixteen miles to say 'farewell' for the last time. One of these about to leave—a young man with a thoughtful look and resolute bearing — is evidently leader of the party, and more than an ordinary pang is felt by many as they bid him farewell. He had been one of the first-fruits of his countrymen to Christ, the leader of the infant Church, and in their humble chapel, had often ministered to them the Word of Life. He is surrounded by his spiritual children and friends, who are anxious to have some parting words of counsel and advice. He enters the vessel, and from its side once more breaks among them the Bread of Life. And now the last prayer is offered; they embrace each other; the vessel begins to move. As she recedes, uplifted hands and uplifted hearts attest what all felt. And none of all that vast multitude felt more, probably, than that young man. His name was Philip Embury. His party consisted of his wife, Mary Sweitzer (remarkable for her per-

sonal beauty, and recently married, at the early age of sixteen, to her noble husband), his two brothers and their families, Paul Heck and Barbara his wife, and others. Who among the crowd that saw them leave could have thought that two of the little band were destined, in the mysterious providence of God, to influence for good countless myriads, and that their names should live long as the sun and moon endure? Yet so it was. That vessel contained Philip Embury, the first class-leader and local-preacher of Methodism on the American continent, and Barbara Heck, 'a mother in Israel,' one of its first members, the germ from which, in the good providence of God, has sprung the Methodist Church of the United States and Canada, a Church which has now under its influence about seven millions of the germinant mind of the new and teeming hemisphere!"

We return to our explorations of the famous valley of the Shannon. Our second engraving illustrates the lonely ruins of Clonmacnoise, one of the famous groups of seven churches of Ireland. It occupies a site lonely and desolate, significant of that spirit of asceticism which was wont to exclude the world and repel its busy life. Its loneliness is that of the desolate flat in the midst of a wild moorland country, over which the bog of Allen stretches its almost interminable waste. "If ever," says Otway, "there was a picture of grim, hideous repose, it is the flow of the Shannon from Athlone to Clonmacnoise." Round a swampy flat of meadow the river winds in an amphitheatre, upon the southern curve of which the seven churches are erected. The extensive churchyard is crowded with tombs and graves, ancient and modern, with inscriptions in the oldest form of Irish characters to the modern Roman letters. But perhaps the most remarkable and interesting objects are the numerous antique crosses, some of the most exquisite workmanship and richly carved with scriptural subjects. One of these is a single stone, thirteen feet high, and four feet eight inches across the arms, richly sculptured on all its sides. This is a favourite place of devotion as shown in our engraving. In the background is one of those mysterious round towers common in Ireland.

The county of Antrim presents some of the most remarkable scenery of the North of Ireland. The most striking features are its mountains, which are highest along the sea-coast. Taking the route from Portrush eastward, we traverse a vast stratum



DUNLUCE CASTLE.

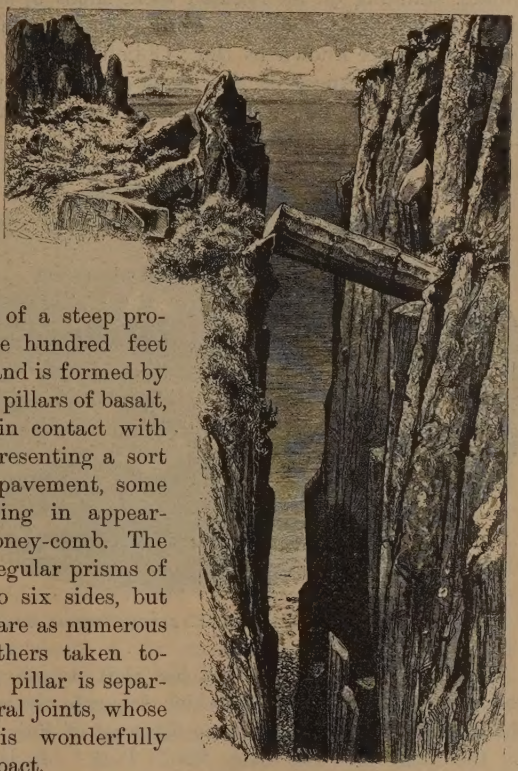
of white limestone, about two hundred feet in thickness, and considerably above the level of the sea, which has obtained the name of "The White Rocks," and forms one of the finest and most interesting views on the coast. The water has in many places burrowed into the rocks, till they present the appearance of gigantic rabbit-warrens with wild and picturesque caves. From this the view of the coast eastward is magnificent, as we approach Dunluce Castle, described by N. P. Willis as the most picturesque ruin he had ever seen. This praise seems almost extravagant from one who had seen the noble edifices that crown the hills along the Rhine and other rivers of Germany. And yet, take it with all its massive greatness, its commanding position, and all the surrounding accessories of land and water,

backed by the Causeway, and growing, as it were, out of the stupendous cliffs of which it seems a part, that are eternally lashed by the ocean-waves, Dunluce Castle may claim to be as fine a specimen of baronial grandeur as any land can boast of. It stands on the summit of a rock over a hundred feet above

CHIMNEY ROCK, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

the sea, cut off from the mainland, and covers the whole of its surface with a mass of buildings of great extent and solidity—round towers toppling over the cliffs that have partially fallen away from beneath them, bastions and gables, and chimneys shooting upward in configurations and outlines the most picturesque and imposing. A strong wall connects the base of the cliff with the mainland, and the arch still remains over

which the drawbridge used to be lowered. It is about eighteen inches broad, just the path of a man; do not fear to cross it. But many a one declines, and not without reason. Such a stronghold as Dunluce could not be without a history, and it is rife with stirring events. By whom or when it was founded is not ascertained; indeed, it is attributed to one of the De Conways in the twelfth century.

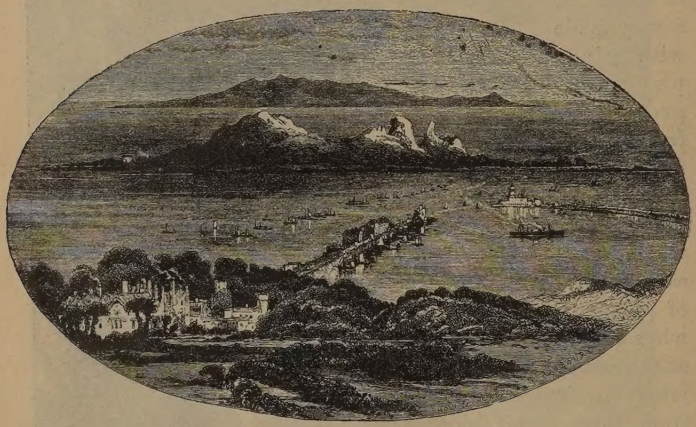


THE GREY MAN'S PATH.

And now we come to the "Giant's Causeway." It has all the appearance of a mole, or a quay, made with giant pavement projecting from the base of a steep promontory some hundred feet into the sea, and is formed by perpendicular pillars of basalt, which stand in contact with each other, presenting a sort of polygonal pavement, some what resembling in appearance a solid honey-comb. The pillars are irregular prisms of from three to six sides, but the six-sided are as numerous as all the others taken together. Each pillar is separable into several joints, whose articulation is wonderfully neat and compact.

The legend goes that Finn McCoul laid this strange structure as a highway from his own country to the neighbouring shore of Scotland, for the giants of both countries to pass to and fro. When the race disappeared in the soberer light of true history, the Causeway was no longer a needful fiction, and so it was said to have sunk mid-channel, leaving but the ends at Staffa

and Antrim above water. We have the Giant's Organ immediately above, a singular colonnade of magnificent pillars one hundred and twenty-feet high, bearing no small resemblance to the pipes of an organ. Then there is the Giant's Loom, the Giant's Pulpit, the Giant's Ball-Alley, and the like. Everywhere through this singular district the rocks suggest resemblances to artificial objects. Thus a remarkable group of three pillars, standing on an isolated rock, shoot upward to a considerable height, the tallest attaining an altitude of forty-five feet. These are known as the "Chimney-Tops," and it is said that in the darkness of the night one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada, mistaking them for the chimneys Dunluce Castle, actually cannonaded them.



Howth Castle and Harbour, Dublin Bay.

All along this coast the sea has cleft its way between the rocks, leaving deep fissures which separate the cliffs. One of the most singular of these is on the west of Fair Head, known by the name of "The Gray Man's Path." It is a deep, wild chasm, which strikes one with a feeling of awe almost amounting to horror, dividing the headland sheer down over two hundred feet. Down the side of this chasm is a path, by which, if adventurous enough, you may descend to the base of the cliff. One of those massive basalt pillars, in ages too remote for memory or tradition, fell across to the other, and there rests by a hold so slender that it enhances the frightful charac-

ter of the place, seeming almost ready to fall down; while, looking up from below, it forms as it were, the huge lintel of a giant door-case.

Now comes, perhaps, the grandest of all the headlands of Antrim—Benmore, or Fair Head, which lifts in one point to the height of six hundred and thirty-six feet above the sea-level, from which it rises almost perpendicularly. From the water, too, the appearance is magnificent, and the masses of disjointed columns look like the *débris* of some ruined city.

The Bay of Dublin ranks among the most beautiful bays in the world. It is often compared to those of Naples and Navarino; and, indeed, possesses many of the charms of these latter; though assuredly it wants the fine accessories of climate and sky, and the intense blue of their waters. Without instituting comparisons, whoever traverses its shores from the promontory of Howth to Brayhead, or sails through it entering or leaving Ireland, will own that its celebrity is not undeserved. At its northern extremity a low-lying peninsula runs out for nearly a couple of miles, till it rises gradually into the hill of Howth, terminating in an elevation of five hundred and sixty-three feet above the sea-level, to which it sinks down precipitously. Its chief attraction is its ever-varying aspect—now in dark shadow, now blooming with the tints of many-hued vegetation, and gleaming with the white villas that are scattered along its base and rise midway along its sides. At the eastern extremity of the hill is the headland known as the Baily, on which stands a lighthouse, and beyond are the Islands of Lambay and Ireland's Eye. At one period the harbour of Howth was of considerable importance, having been constructed in the commencement of the present century, as the packet-station for the English mail-boats. The substitution of Kingstown for the service has left the harbour of Howth comparatively unused, saved by fishing vessels, and it is gradually filling up with sand.

O HUNGER, Hunger, I will harness thee
And make thee harrow all my spirit's glebe.
Of old the blind bard Herve sang so sweet
He made a wolf to plow his land.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM LXXVII.

BY REV. M. R. KNIGHT, A.B.

WITH troubled voice to God I cry,
To God whose pity counts each sigh.
I sought Him in the day of grief:
To Him for mercy and relief
My hands I stretched upon my bed:
My soul would not be comforted.
His ways I ponder, and my breast
Is burdened with a strange unrest:
Attent I watch, if I may hear
Some word of love to still my fear:
I cannot put in words the woe
That rankles in my bosom so.
The bygone days have come to me
Laden with precious memory:
I think of all His truth and grace,
And hide in shame my ingrate face.
I reason with my heart, reprove
Its sinful dearth of trusting love:
My spirit maketh earnest quest
For all the hidden springs of rest.
Will He who made, desert His own?
His favour never more be shown?
Is all His mercy gone for aye?
His promise given to betray?
Hath God forgotten how to bless,
Angered by my unfaithfulness?
Shut up and locked His mercies' store,
Never, for me, to open more?
Nay, this is my infirmity,
That in my sorrow does not see
The purpose of eternal love,
The great end to which all things move.
Let me recall the blessed years
For which I pay this price of tears;
The years of love, of joy, of peace,
Of doubt's decline and hope's increase;
The blessed years when God's right hand
Was mine to bless, and not to brand.
Forgetful of the source and end
From which, to which, His gifts descend,
Mayhap I pay the penalty
And His just anger falls on me.
May He who strikes not, save to bless,
Now lead me through this wilderness,
By cloud and fire o'er the plain,
Till some sweet Canaan's peace I gain!

WALKS ABOUT LONDON.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

St. Paul's Cathedral—Interior.

In a visit which we are about to make to the largest and richest civilized city in the world, I will mention at the outset that if any one were to undertake to walk one way only through all the streets of London, he would be obliged to go a distance of two thousand six hundred miles, or as far as it is across the American continent from New York to San Francisco. This will give an idea of what would have to be done in order to see even the greater part of London.

In our approach to this city we shall not be struck so much by its splendid and imposing appearance as by its immensity. Go where we may, there seems to be no end to the town. It is fourteen miles one way, and eight miles the other, and contains a population of nearly five million people, which is greater indeed, than that of Switzerland or the kingdoms of Denmark and Greece combined.

*For the three larger engravings of this article we are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers of *St. Nicholas*, the handsomest illustrated Magazine for young people, in the world. The text is abridged from one of a "personally conducted series" which has run through the year in *St. Nicholas*. Text and cuts form an example of the style of treatment and illustration of that popular Magazine. It is clubbed with the METHODIST MAGAZINE for $4.50, full price $5.00.

In the midst of the busy, noisy, and crowded city stands St. Paul's, with its dome high above everything. When it was new and its marble was white, this church must have been very handsome, viewed from the outside; but now it is a dingy gray, and in some places quite black, on account of the coal smoke which is continually settling down upon London, making it the grimiest, dingiest city in the world.

St. Paul's is the largest Protestant church in the world; and when we get inside of it and stand under the great dome, we shall be apt to think that it is a bare-looking place, and

St. Paul's Cathedral.

rather too big. It is adorned with a great many fine groups of statuary in memory of English soldiers and heroes; but these do not help much to brighten up its cold and dull interior.

From the front of St. Paul's Cathedral runs the street called Ludgate Hill, just as busy as it can be, and crowded with omnibuses, cabs, waggons, and people. A little farther on, this same street becomes Fleet Street, where we find many book shops and printing establishments, which always make us think of Dr. Johnson, because he was so fond of this street. Near it he wrote his great dictionary, and lived and died. At the end of Fleet Street used to stand Temple Bar, which was an archway across the street, ornamented with iron spikes on which

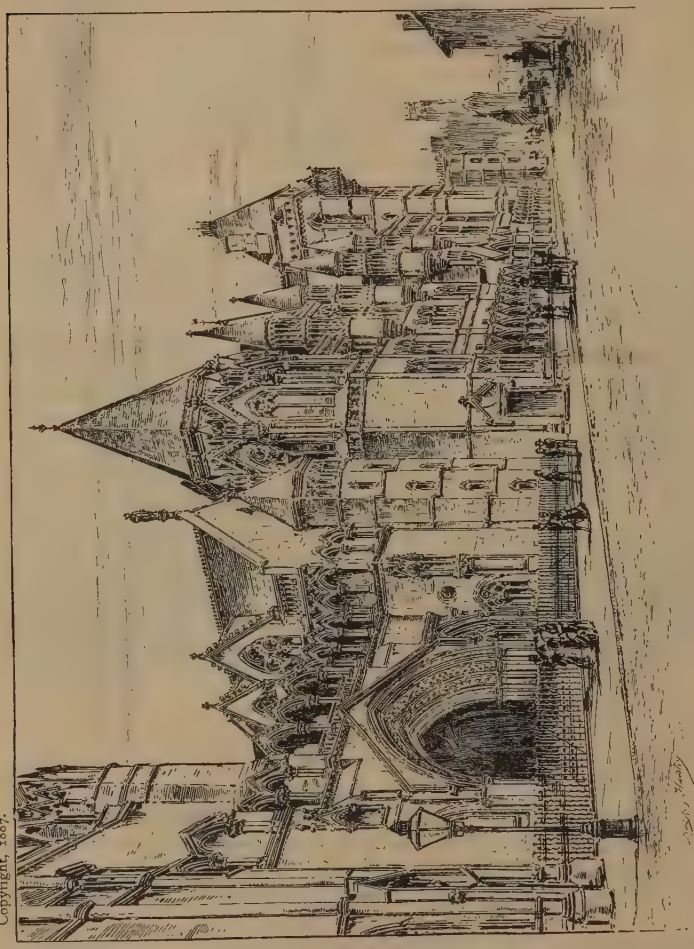
the heads of executed traitors used to be stuck. This celebrated gateway was one of the entrances to the city, and the King of England had no right to go through it unless he had permission of the Lord Mayor. Even now, Queen Victoria does not pass the monument which stands in the place of the old Temple Bar without the formal consent of the Lord Mayor.

Near this place rises the magnificent building recently erected for the London Law Courts. It covers a whole block, and, with its towers and turrets and peaked roofs, resembles a vast Norman castle. The Fleet Street front is shown in our engraving.

We now find ourselves in that street, well known to readers of English books, called the Strand, where the shops, the people, and the omnibuses, seem to increase in number. The Strand ends at Charing Cross. Charing Cross is one of the great centres of London life. Several lines of omnibuses start from this point; here are a great railway station and an immense hotel; little streets and big streets run off in every direction; cabs, men, boys, women, and waggons do the same thing; and it would be almost impossible to cross from one side to the other, were it not for a little curbed space like an island in the middle of the street, on which we can rest when we get half way over, and wait for a chance to cross the other half of the street. Nearly all the crowded streets of London, as well as those of Paris, are provided with these little central refuges for foot-passengers.

Close to Charing Cross is Trafalgar Square, a fine open space with a fountain, and a column to Lord Nelson. This square is much resorted to for public demonstrations, especially for mass meetings of the unemployed. Here occurred a few weeks ago those dreadful riots which had to be suppressed by a strong force of police and military. The Nelson Monument is 145 feet high, and the statue at the top is 17 feet high. It cost £45,000 sterling, at its base are the four famous bronze lions by Landseer. The many storied building to the left of the column is the Grand Hotel, erected on the site of the historic old Northumberland House—the town residence of the Percys. Facing this square we see the pillars and portico of the National Gallery. The admirable collection of paintings in this building is not nearly so large as those to be seen in Paris and Italy; but it will greatly interest us in two ways. It will not only be refreshing to see pictures by English painters on English subjects, as well

as many very fine paintings by Continental masters, but we shall be surprised, and very much pleased, continually to meet with the originals of engravings on steel and wood with which



THE NEW BUILDINGS FOR THE LONDON LAW COURTS.

we have been familiar all our lives. Here are Landseer's dogs and horses, the children of Sir Joshua Reynolds and of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Wilkie's village scenes, and many other paintings which we shall recognize the moment our eyes fall upon them.

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THE NELSON COLUMN, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Returning across Trafalgar Square, we continue our walk, and find that the Strand is now changed into a broad street, called Whitehall, in which are situated many of the governmental and public offices, such as the Treasury, the War Office,

and so on. One of these buildings belongs to the Horse Guards, a very fine body of English cavalry. On each side of a broad gateway is a little house, with its front entirely open to the sidewalk; and in each of these houses is a soldier on horseback. This soldier is dressed in a splendid scarlet coat, a steel helmet with a long plume, and high-topped boots. The horse is coal-black, which is the regulation colour of the Horse Guards' horses. The peculiarity of this pair of men and horses is that, while they are stationed here on guard, they never move; the man sits as if he were carved in stone; while the horse is almost as motionless as one of the bronze horses of St. Mark's in Venice.

Continuing on our course, we find that Whitehall is changed to Parliament Street, and leads us to Westminster Abbey and the splendid Houses of Parliament, on the river bank. We all have heard so much of Westminster Abbey, that grand old burial-place of Englishmen of fame, that it will scarcely strike us as entirely novel; but I doubt if any of us have formed an idea of the lofty beauty of its pillars and arched ceiling, and the extent and number of its recesses and chapels crowded with monuments and relics of the past.

In the immense Houses of Parliament, covering eight acres, and containing eleven hundred rooms and apartments, there is for the House of Commons only a room so small that, when all the members are present, there is not accommodation for them on the main floor, and many of them have to stow themselves away in the gallery or wherever they can find room. Adjoining this magnificent building, and now really a part of it, is the famous old Westminster Hall, a vast chamber capable of holding a dozen Houses of Commons. This great hall was built in its present form by Richard II. Here the English Parliament used to meet, and here state trials were held. Among the persons condemned to death in this room were Charles I., William Wallace, the Scotch hero, and Guy Fawkes. The lofty roof, formed of dark oaken beams, is very peculiar, and in construction is one of the finest roofs of its kind in the world.

When we leave here we shall go out on one of the bridges across the Thames, and get a view of the river front of the Houses of Parliament, with the great Victoria Tower at one end, and at the other the Clock Tower, with four clock faces, each of which is twenty-three feet in diameter. The large bell in this tower weighs thirteen tons; and it requires five hours to wind up the striking part of the clock.

Among the fine streets in the West End are Pall Mall (pronounced *Pell Mell*), where we see on either side of the street large and handsome buildings belonging to the London clubs; and Piccadilly, full of grand shops, leading to the famous Hyde Park. For a great part of its length we have on one side the beautiful trees and grass of Green Park, at the farther side of which stands Buckingham Palace, the Queen's London residence.

Hyde Park, with the adjoining Kensington Gardens, is a very large inclosure with drives, grassy lawns, and fine trees, and

The Tower of London.

with a pretty river running through it. Near Hyde Park Corner, where we enter are some magnificent residences, among which is Apsley House, belonging to the Duke of Wellington. One of the roads in Hyde Park is called Rotten Row, and is devoted entirely to horseback riding. There is nothing decayed about this Row, and it is said that the place used to be called *Route du Roi*, the road of the King, and it has gradually been corrupted into Rotten Row.

The finest sight of Hyde Park begins about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the carriages of the nobility and gentry fill the long drive on the south side of the Park. There is no place in the world where we can see so many fine horses and carriages,

so much fashion, so much wealth, and so much aristocracy, in a comparatively small space, as in Hyde Park, between five and seven o'clock in the afternoon, during what is called the "London season." The carriages, which are generally open, with spirited horses, and liveried coachmen, some of whom wear powdered wigs, drive up one side of the roadway and down the other, keeping as close to one another as they can get, and forming a great moving mass, which it is very pleasant to gaze upon.

When we get out of Hyde Park at its northeast corner, we enter Oxford Street, a wide and busy thoroughfare, crowded with every kind of vehicle and all sorts of foot-passengers. Crossing this is Regent Street, the most fashionable shopping-street in London, where we find the finest stores, and the handsomest displays in the windows.

We are now going back toward the city, and, continuing through the lively scenes of Oxford Street, we perceive that after a time this great thoroughfare changes into High Holborn. Then the street becomes Holborn Viaduct, where, for about a quarter of a mile, it is built high above a deep depression in the city, making a level line of street where there used to be two steep hills. At one point there is a bridge where we can look over the railing and see portions of the city spread out below us.

In the very heart of the city where we now are, stands the great Bank of England. This building, with one of its sides on Threadneedle Street, covers about four acres, but is only one story high. It has no windows on the outside, through which thieves might get in from the street, and light and air are supplied by windows opening on inside courts. This is one of the richest banks in the world; its vaults often contain as much as a hundred million dollars in gold, and every night a small detachment of soldiers is quartered here to protect its treasures.

Opposite the Bank is the Mansion House, the stately edifice in which the Lord Mayor lives. Near by is the Royal Exchange, with a grand portico, and a tall tower, on the top of which is a great golden grasshopper. In this neighbourhood also is the General Post Office, and the great Telegraph Building.

A good deal farther eastward than these, and on the bank of the River Thames, stands the ancient and far-famed Tower of London. This is not by any means a single tower, but is a collection of strongly fortified buildings surrounded by a high and massive wall, and is a veritable castle, or fortress, of the olden

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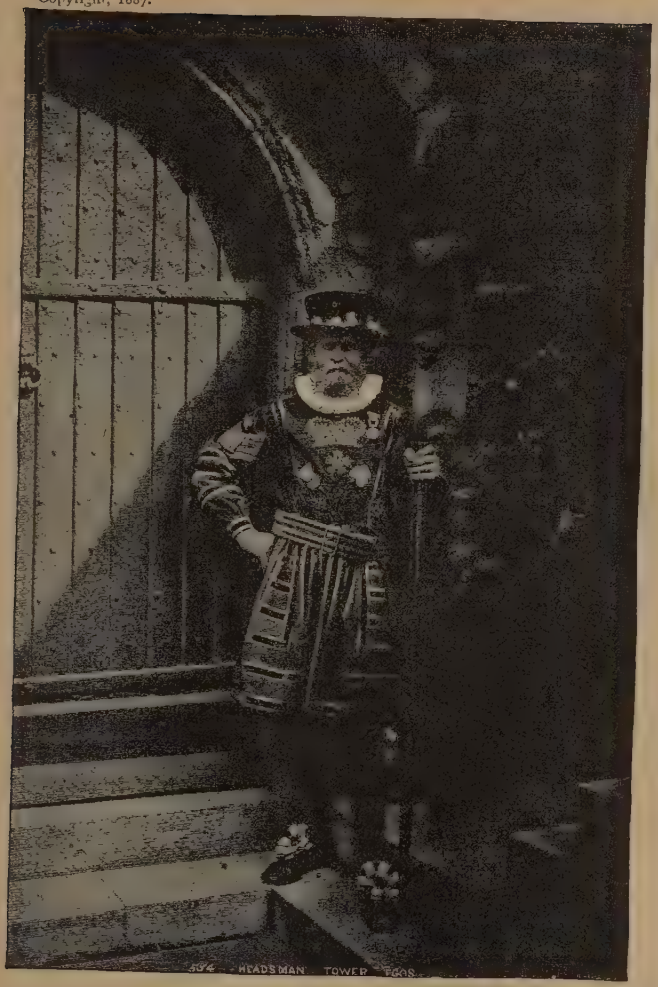


A "Beef-eater"—Tower of London.

time, standing here in the crowded and busy London of to-day. Most of the ancient buildings, towers, and walls are still just as they used to be. As these have been recently described in this Magazine, we pass on.

Standing about in various places in the Tower grounds we

shall meet with some of the warders, called "beef-eaters," which is an English corruption of the French *buffetiers* or royal waiters. These men are dressed in mediæval costume, and carry tall halberds, or spears. In olden times one of these was the headsman and bore a great axe.

Not far from the Tower are the great London Docks, in which three hundred large vessels can lie. A visit to these docks as well as to the West India Docks, which are still larger, and to several others in this quarter of London, will help to give us an idea of the enormous commerce and wealth of the great metropolis.

PRECIOUS OINTMENT.

Do not keep your box of ointment,
Break it o'er your friends to-day;
Do not keep it in the darkness,
Half-forgotten, laid away.
Little deeds of love and kindness,
Don't forget to give them now;
Don't forget to smooth the pillow—
Don't forget to bathe the brow.

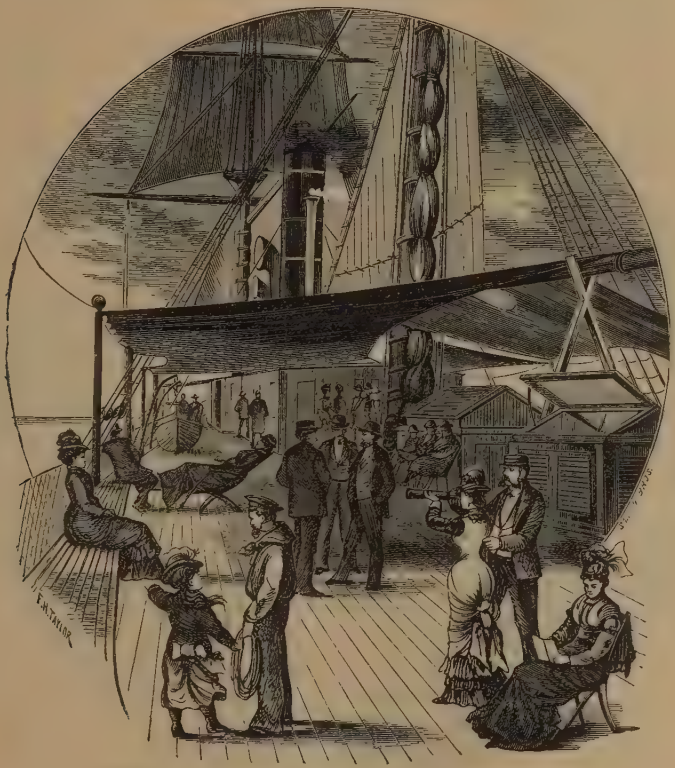
Send your flowers to the living,
Do not keep them for the grave—
They may comfort some poor mourner,
They may strengthen, help, and save.
Send them in their fragrant beauty—
Show your friendship true and warm;
What would care a rosewood casket?
What would care a lifeless form?

Hearts there are with burdens laden,
Bearing bravely toil and care;
Ready to receive your kindness
Should you leave your ointment there.
Don't forget the kindly counsel,
Don't forget the loving tone;
They will make the cross seem lighter
To some sorrow-laden one.

All along life's rugged pathway
Stretch your hand and lift your voice,
Bringing all your love and kindness,
Making every heart rejoice.
Keep your ointment ever ready;
Use it freely—there is room,
It will bring you richest blessings,
Smooth your passage to the tomb.

TOURIST NOTES IN THE BAHAMAS AND CUBA.

I.



On Deck, Midwinter—Two days out from New York.

It was on a cold, rainy morning in February that we left New York on the steamer for Nassau. We kept on down the Florida coast until we turned eastward into the Gulf Stream. It seemed as if we had suddenly sailed into early June. The sea was smooth, the air was mild, the sky was lovely. Everybody was on deck. Off came our overcoats. It was no longer winter.

These ever-summer seas were lovely. Out of the waves rose

the flying-fish, skimming in flocks through the air, and dropping down again just as we were beginning to believe they were birds; the porpoises leaped and darted by the vessel's side, and every now and then we passed a nautilus, cruising along in his six-inch shell, with his transparent sail wide-spread and sparkling in the sun.

We were journeying to find a pleasant winter climate,—one that could be depended upon. In our search for the happy land we longed for, we resolved to do as Columbus did, and begin at the beginning. First to the Bahamas came he, and thither would we go too. Early in the morning from my open port, I heard voices coming from the water, and the thumping of oars. I hastily looked out, and there was Nassau. We were almost at the wharf. A long boat, full of negroes, was carrying a line to the shore. I hurried on deck, and looking over the rail saw to my astonishment that we were floating in water apparently not more than a foot deep! This great ship with her engines, her cargo, her crew and passengers, was slowly moving along in water not up to your knees! The bottom was clearly visible—every stone on it could be seen as you see stones at the bottom of a little brook. I could not understand it.

"How deep is this water?" I asked of a sailor.

"About three fathom," he answered.

The town—a very white town—stretched before us for a mile or two along its water-front, and seemed to be a busy place, for there were many vessels, large and small (principally the latter), moored at the piers; there was a crowd of people on the wharf; there were one-horse barouches driven by negroes wearing red vests and dreadfully battered high silk hats, and altogether the scene was lively and promising. The town was larger than I had expected to see it, but it ought to be a good-sized place, for nearly all of the people of the island of New Providence live there, and they number some eleven or twelve thousand.

There is no lack of islands and islets in what might be called the Bahamian Archipelago, which stretches some six hundred miles from San Domingo nearly to Florida. The collection comprises, according to official count, twenty-nine islands, six hundred and sixty-one cays, and two thousand three hundred and eighty-seven rocks,—assorted sizes.

New Providence is the most important member of this collection, but like many other most important things, it is by no means the biggest, being only twenty-one miles long and seven

broad, while the Great Bahama and others are very many times larger, some of them being a hundred miles long. But New Providence has the brains, the other islands have merely size.

We found that, like ourselves, nearly all our fellow-passengers were going to the Royal Victoria Hotel. It stands high, spreads

View down George Street, Nassau—Looking from Government House.

wide, and looks large, and cool, and solid. It is a hotel of which Her Majesty need not be ashamed.

The very first thing I did after breakfast was to go and buy a straw hat. It was a novel experience to walk through the streets of Nassau. At first it seemed to us as if the whole place—streets, houses, and walls—had been cut out of one solid block of the whitest limestone, for the material in all appeared

to be the same. The houses are wide and low, and generally have piazzas around them on every story. The gardens, and all the spaces about the houses, are crowded with trees, bushes, and flowers. Roses were in bloom everywhere, and oleanders, twenty feet high, waved their pink blossoms over the street.

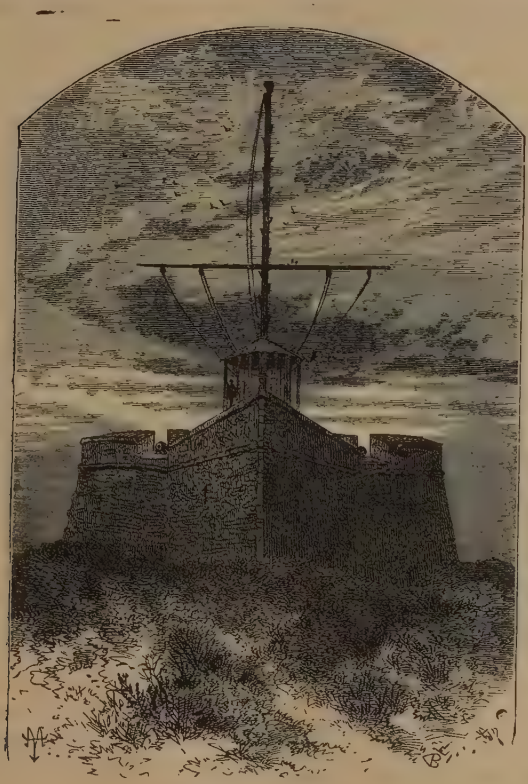
Looking down the street, the view was lovely. The tall cocoanuts, with their tufts of long, magnificent leaves, waved on each side, until in the distance they seemed to touch across the white street that ran down through the sea of foliage which spread away on either side, broken only by the thatched and pointed roofs that rose here and there like islands out of the green. The red shawls of the distant negro women give the brilliant points of colour, while the strong sunlight gave warmth to a scene that was more than semi-tropical.

If people feel lazy in the Bahamas, it is not to be wondered at. Everything feels lazy, even the mercury in the thermometers. It is exceedingly difficult to get it to move. While we were there it was always at, or about, seventy-four degrees, once rising to eighty degrees, but soon subsiding again to the old spot.

The government of the Bahamas appears to be highly satisfactory to all parties concerned. As a colony of Great Britain, the islands have a colonial governor, who is assisted in his governmental duties by Her Majesty's executive council and Her Majesty's legislative council. The people at large have also a voice in the matter through the representatives they send to the House of Assembly, a body of about thirty members.

We soon bought and tasted of almost every kind of native fruit; some of it was very curious to look at, and some of it was very good to eat. The sappadillo is a small round fruit, the colour of a potatoe on the outside, and as sweet as sugared honey inside. The grape-fruit has the flavour and taste of an orange, and is a rich and juicy fruit for a hot day, but the skin and pulp must be avoided. Guavas are fragrant and luscious. Jamaica apples, which are masses of sweet custard, covered with a thin skin, are almost too rich for a novice in West Indian fruits. Mangoes are said to be delicious, but they ripen later in the season. The lemons are enormous and very fine, and there are limes, and star-apples, and tamarinds, and other things of the kind which I cannot remember. But the fruits we liked best were those to which we had been accustomed,—oranges, pine-apples, and bananas. A pine-apple ripened in its native soil and under its native sun, was a joy before unknown to us.

As soon as possible I engaged a man to take me fishing. We started after breakfast, in a tight, round, dirty little sloop, with a "well" in it to keep captured fish alive. We anchored some distance from land, and my good man lowered his sail and got out his lines and bait. My fisherman's next move astonished



Fort Fincastle.

me. He coolly remarked that he would look and see if there were any fish in the water about our boat. From under his little deck he drew forth a "water-glass," which is a light wooden box, about twenty inches long and a foot square, open at one end, and with a pane of glass inserted at the other end, which is somewhat the larger. He held this box over the side of the boat, and sinking the glass end a few inches below the

surface of the water, he put his eye to the other end and looked in. "Yes," said he, "there's lots of fish down there. Take a look at them." I took the box and looked down into the water, which was five or six fathoms deep. I could see everything under the water as plainly as if it had all been in the upper air,—the smooth, white, sandy bottom; the star-fish and such sea-creatures lying perfectly still, or gently waving themselves about, and the big fish slowly swimming around and occasionally turning up one eye to look at us. Looking through this "water-glass," it was as light as day down under the sea. This man had a queer way of classifying fish. "There's one on your hook now, sir," he would say, and when I would ask if it was a big one, he would sometimes answer, "Well, about two shillin's," or, "That's a big feller; three shillin's, sure," and some times "That's a little one biting at you, about sixpence.

We soon became convinced that February is June in Nassau. The weather was that of early summer, and everybody was in light clothes and straw hats. In the sun it is often quite warm; in the shade you can generally rely on seventy-four degrees. We never found it too warm to go about sight-seeing, and there is a good deal to see in and about Nassau, if you choose to go and look at it. Back of the hotel, on a commanding hill, stands Fort Fincastle, a curious old stronghold. Viewed from the front, it looks very much like a side-wheel steamer built of stone. The flag-staff increases the delusion by its resemblance to a fore-mast. This fort was built long before steamers were heard of, so that the idea that it is a petrified steamer is utterly ridiculous.

The fort is commanded and garrisoned by one man, whose duty it is to signal the approach of vessels. He must have had a lively time during the war, when so many blockade-runners came to Nassau, and when a steamer might come rushing into the harbour with a gun-boat hot behind it—at any time of day or night.

The military element is quite conspicuous in Nassau. There are large barracks at the west end of the town; a British man-of-war generally lies in the harbour, and in the cool of the evening you may almost always see down the white vista of the narrow street, the red coat of a British soldier.

There are not many places of public resort in Nassau; but there is a library which has eight sides and six thousand books, and where the pleasant young people of Nassau—and there are

a great many of them—go to see one another, and to look over the volumes in the cool alcoves.

It is genuine pleasure to take a ride about Nassau. Apart from the fact that there is a good deal to be seen, it is delightful to ride over roads which are so hard, so smooth, and so level that it does not seem to be any trouble whatever for a horse to pull a buggy. If it were any trouble I do not think the Nassau horses would do it.

There are good many trees of distinction in and about Nassau. In the garden of the Rev. Mr. Swann, rector of the cathedral,

Silk Cotton Tree.

there are two very fine royal African palms, and back of the public buildings is a "silk cotton-tree," which is a wonderful specimen of what nature can do when she tries her hand at curious vegetation. This tree which is enclosed by a fence to protect it from visitors, is nothing very remarkable, as to its upper works, so to speak, except that it bears a pod which contains a silky cotton, but it is very remarkable indeed when one considers its roots. These stand up out of the ground six or eight feet high, like great wooden walls, radiating from the trunk ten or twenty feet outward, making an arrangement somewhat resembling a small, circular church, with high-backed pews. The branches extend outward for a great distance,

making this the most imposing tree on the island, although silk cotton-trees are not at all uncommon. There is a very fine one on the hotel grounds.

A pine-apple plantation was something entirely new to us. The plants were set out all over the field about two or three feet apart. The alternations of bright pink, purple, green, and yellow in the leaves, the blossoms and the young fruit, made a very striking picture.

A Pine Apple in its native soil.

We sailed one day through the Narrows, and in a short time were anchored on the reef, in about ten or twelve feet of water. Here, the captain had told us, we should see "a farm under water." And his words were true, only what we saw was more like a garden than a farm. Down at the bottom we could see —quite plain with the naked eye, but ever so much better with the water-glass—a lovely garden, where there were sea-fans, purple and green, that spread themselves out from spurs of coral; sea-feathers, whose beautiful purple plumes rose three or four feet high, and waved under the water as trees wave in the

wind; curious coral formations, branched like trees, or rounded like balls, or made up into any fantastic form or shape that one might think of, and coloured purple, green, yellow, and gray, besides many-hued plants that looked like mosses, lichens, and

NATIVE CABIN IN GRANTSTOWN, NASSAU.

vines growing high and low on the coral rocks. All among the nodding branches of the curious sea-plants swam the fish. Some of these were little things, no longer than one's finger, coloured as brilliantly as humming-birds,—blue, yellow, and red,—and

there were large blue fish, and great striped fish, with rich bands of black and purple across their backs. Down into this under-water garden we sent the divers to pick for us what we wanted. Whenever we saw a handsome coral, or a graceful sea-feather or sea-fan that pleased our fancy, we pointed it out to one of the young fellows, and down he plunged and brought it up to us.

The reputation of Nassau as a health-resort is increasing every year. There are many reasons for this. Not only is the climate in winter warm and equable, but its air is moderately dry, its drainage excellent, and its drinking-water plentiful and wholesome. The island, according to excellent medical authority,

West Bay Street, Nassau.

is entirely free from malarious diseases, and it is, moreover, very easy of access. Its peculiar attractions draw to it a great many invalids and persons of delicate constitutions who would find it difficult to keep alive during our severe winter weather, but who, under the blue skies of the Bahamas, are happy as kings, and are out-of-doors all day. At times there is a good deal of moisture in the air, especially at sunset, when a heavy fall of dew may be expected for an hour or two. But as there is very little change of temperature night or day, even persons with rheumatism and neuralgia may find relief in this steady-going climate. The doctor from whom I had most of my information on these points, thought that while he would hardly recommend patients having those forms of lung trouble in

which there is much expectoration and perspiration to visit the Bahamas, he considered that in the early stages of chronic pneumonia and tuberculosis, in convalescence from acute diseases, in malarial affections, and in exhaustion from overwork and worry, Nassau was one of the most healthful resorts of which he had any knowledge. Invalids have been brought ashore on a stretcher who were walking about the streets in a week afterwards.

When we speak of this part of the world we generally say Nassau, because it is, so to speak, the centre of the whole Bahamian system. But there are many attractions on the twenty-eight other islands, on which are some fifty small towns and settlements, and about thirty-thousand inhabitants. Grantstown and Bainstown are interesting little suburbs mainly made up of thatched cabins without fire-places or chimneys, each in its own little plot of garden-ground and with its own lazy women and pickaninnies in very light attire. The "Glass Windows," a high arch or natural bridge, eighty or ninety feet above the level of the sea, is one of the lions of Harbour Island.

By the winter arrangement of Messrs. Ward & Co., a line of staunch, commodious, and sea-worthy steamers brings New York, Florida, Nassau, Havana, and other Cuban ports, into close connection, thus giving a choice of winter resorts. For winter schedule, rates, and other details, James Ward & Co., 113 Wall Street, New York, will furnish Guide Book on application. In another article we will give an account of the Cuban part of the trip.

THE REFORMER.

BEFORE the monstrous wrong he sets him down—
One man against a stone-walled city of sin.
For centuries those walls have been a-building;
Smooth porphyry, they slope and coldly glass
The flying storm and wheeling sun. No chink,
The crevice lets the thinnest arrow in.
He fights alone, and from the cloudy ramparts
A thousand evil faces gibe and jeer him.
Let him lie down and die: what is the right,
And where is justice, in a world like this?

But by and by, earth shakes herself, impatient;
And down in one great roar of ruin, crash
Watch-tower and citadel and battlements.
When the red dust has cleared, the lonely soldier
Stands with strange thoughts beneath the friendly stars.

—*E. R. Sill, in the Century.*

THE OTHER WORLD.

BY MRS. H. B STOWE.

It lies around us like a cloud—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence—awful, sweet, and calm—
They have no power to break:
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
So fain to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, to close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream, in loving arms
To swoon to That, from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are—
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side—
Into our thoughts, into our prayers
With gentle keepings glide.

Let death between us be as naught—
A dried and vanished stream;
Our joy, be the reality;
Our suffering life, the dream.

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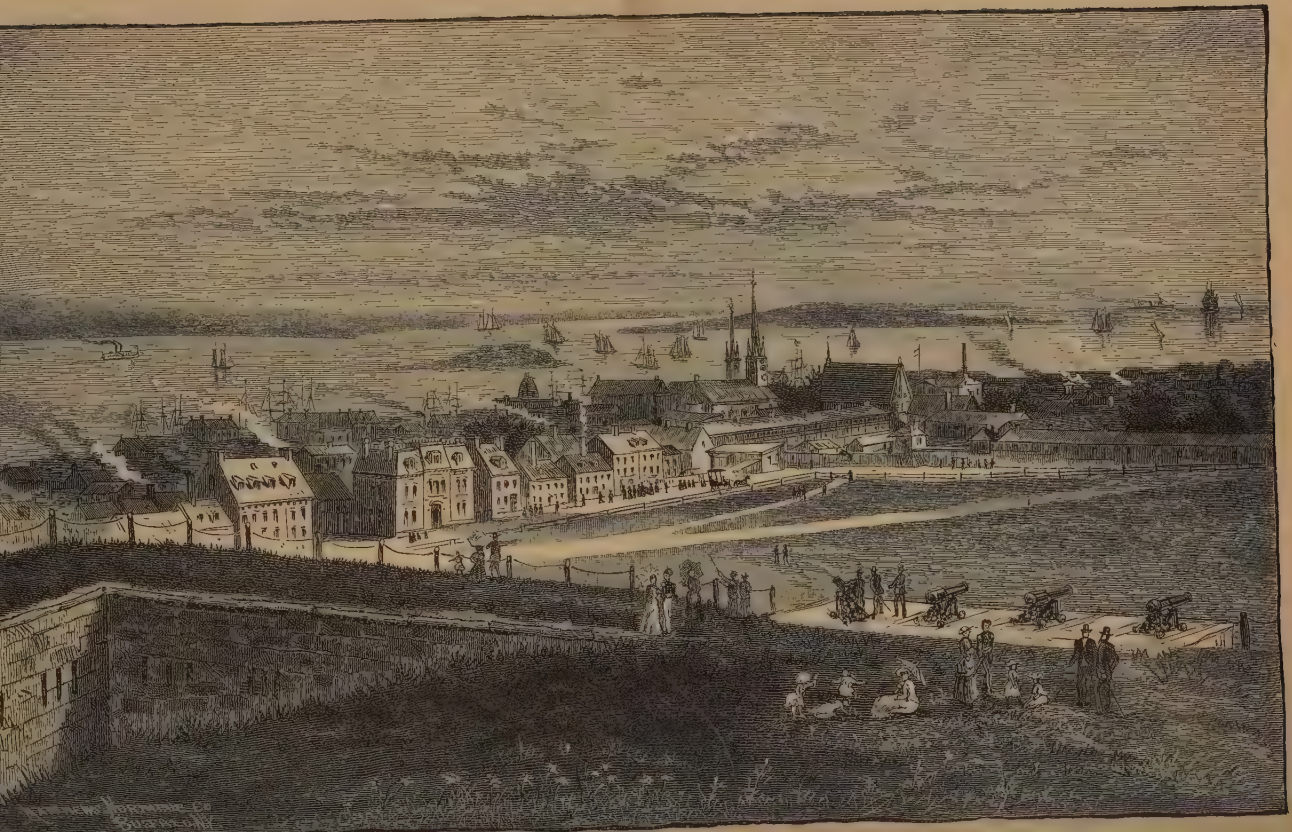

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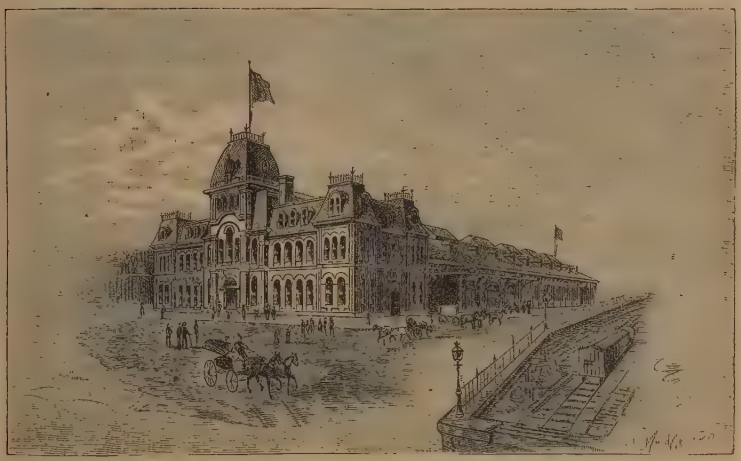
OUR OWN COUNTRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

I.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, HALIFAX.

WE purpose to give in a series of illustrated and descriptive articles a concise account of the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion of Canada. We begin our survey with the seaboard province of Nova Scotia, which stretches its deeply-indented peninsula far out into the Atlantic, as if to be the first portion of the Dominion to welcome visitors from the Old World. With the exception of Prince Edward's Island it is the smallest of the Canadian Provinces. Its length from Cape St. Mary to Cape Canso is 383 miles. Its breadth varies from 50 to 104 miles. Its area is 18,670 square miles. Its soil is generally fertile, and its climate is favourable to agriculture. For fruits of the apple family it is unsurpassed, and good grapes are often grown in the open air. It was said by an old French writer that Acadia produced readily everything that grew in France, except the olive. No country of its size in the world has more

numerous or more excellent harbours; and, except Great Britain, no country has, in proportion to its population, so large a tonnage of shipping.

Halifax, the capital of the province, occupies a commanding position on one of the finest harbours in the world. It is the chief naval station of Great Britain in the western hemisphere, and here in landlocked security "all the navies of Europe" might safely float. The city slopes majestically up from the waterside to the citadel-crowned height of two hundred and fifty feet, and around it sweeps the North-West Arm, a winding inlet, bordered with elegant villas. The citadel was begun by the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, and has been continually strengthened till it became a fortress of the first class.

On a glorious summer morning in August last I climbed the citadel hill. Never was a more perfect day. Earth and sky were new washed by a recent rain. The magnificent harbour sparkled like sapphire. The signal flagstaffs of the fort made it look like a three-masted ship that had stranded on a lofty hill-top. On every side sloped the smooth glacis, with the quaint town clock in the foreground. Peaceful kine cropped the herbage even to the edge of the deep moat with its yawning embrasures within. An old sailor with telescope beneath his arm sauntered along. He kindly pointed out the chief objects of interest—the many churches, among which Methodism well holds its own, the barracks, the men-of-war, and merchant shipping; on the opposite shore the pleasant town of Dartmouth, the distant forts, George's Island which lay like a toy fort beneath the eye carved and scarped and clothed with living green, and farther off McNab's Island and the far-stretching vista to the sea, just as shown in the frontispiece to this article. Mine ancient mariner had sailed out of Halifax as boy and man for forty years, and was full of reminiscences. He pointed out the tortuous channel by which the confederate cruiser *Tallahasse* escaped to sea one dark night, despite a blockading United States squadron. He said that the harbour was studded with mine torpedoes which could blow any ship out of the water; and that a hostile vessel attempting to enter at night would strike electric buoys which would so indicate her position that the fire of all the forts could be concentrated upon her in the dark.

Presently a crowd began to gather on the hillside, including many old bronzed tars, red-jackets and artillery-men, and I

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discovered that a grand regatta was to come off between the yachts *Dauntless* and *Galatea*. The bay was full of sails flitting to and fro, and like snowy sea-birds with wings aslant, in the brisk breeze the contending yachts swept out to sea. I thought what gallant fleets had ploughed these waves during the hundred years that the harbour had been a great naval rendezvous. It was a pretty sight to see the boat-drill of the blue-jackets of the great sea-kraken *Bellerophon*, or "*Billy Ruffin*," as mine ancient mariner called it—as they manœuvred around the huge flag-ship. Many years ago when a boy I used to spend much time with my father boating on the harbour. When cruising near the old flag-ship *Nile* one day, a gunner let fall his gun-swab out of the porthole. I thought I would be serving Her Majesty by picking it up and handing it back. But a sharp challenge made me drop it, and a gunner ran out on a boom and down a rope-ladder to a boat and got it himself. A very exclusive set these gentlemen of the royal navy are. If I approached within, I don't know how many rods of the dock-yard, I was challenged and warned off.

Near the citadel hill are the public gardens, comprising seventeen acres, beautifully laid out, with broad parterres and floral designs. Nowhere else have I ever seen such good taste and beautiful gardening, except, perhaps, at the royal pleasaunce of Hampton Court. Certainly, I know no American public gardens that will compare with these. The old gardener was as proud of his work as a mother of her babe, and as fond of hearing it praised. In the evening I attended, with the Rev. Dr. Lathern, a military concert here. The scene was like fairy-land. Festoons of coloured lights illuminated the grounds and outlined every spar and rope of a toy ship that floated on a tiny lake. On this lake a novel kind of water fire-works were exhibited, and the orderly and well-dressed throngs sauntered to and fro enjoying a ministry of beauty that many larger cities might emulate.

Near the gardens is the new cemetery. The old sexton showed me the "Wesleyan missionaries' lot," where I found the graves of the Rev. Dr. Pope, father of the distinguished theologian, and several other Methodist ministers. The older burying ground is of special historic interest. On some of the mossy slabs, beneath the huge trees, I found inscriptions dating back a hundred years. The monument of Welsford and Parker, Nova Scotian heroes of the Crimean war, is finely conceived. A massive

arch supports a statue of a grim-looking lion—the very embodiment of British defiance. Here is the common grave of fourteen officers of the war-ships *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*, which crept side by side into the harbour, reeking like a shambles after a bloody sea-fight over seventy years ago. I observed the graves of four generations of the honoured family of Haliburton. On a single stone were the names of eleven A. B. sailors —victims of yellow fever On some of the older slabs symbolism was run mad. On one I noticed a very fat cherub, a skull and cross-bones, an hour-glass and a garland of flowers.

Opposite this quiet God's acre is the quaint old brown stone Government House, where Governor Ritchie, the honoured son of an honoured sire, presides with dignity and grace. In the Court House, near by, is a novel contrivance. The prisoner is brought from the adjacent jail by a covered passage, and is shot up into the dock on a slide trap, like a jack-in-a-box. The Hospital and Asylums for the Blind and for the Poor, the latter said to have cost $260,000, are fine specimens of architecture; and the New Dalhousie College, cobwebbed with scaffolding, gave promise of a fine appearance. The new city buildings will be a magnificent structure. The stained-glass windows of the Catholic Cathedral contain fine effigies of S.S. Ambrose, Gregory, Augustine and Jerome. I once witnessed here the very impossing funeral pageant of the Roman Catholic bishop. The old Parliament House was considered, sixty years ago, the finest building in America. It is still quite imposing. I found Dr. Allison, the accomplished Superintendent of Education, in his office. He showed me in the library, what might be called the Doomsday Book of Nova Scotia, with the register of the names and taxable property of, among others, my grandfather and grand-uncles, who were U. E. Loyalist refugees from Virginia. In Dr. Honeyman, the curator of the Provincial Museum, who discussed with much zest his favourite subject of geology, the province has a faithful and accomplished officer.

It was a pleasure to find our Connexional Book-Room so well situated on the principal street, so well supplied with current and standard literature, and, under the able administration of the Rev. S. F. Huestis, such a power for good in the community. I was told a story of this institution, or its predecessor, which if not true deserves to be. A Yankee book peddler seeing over the door the name Wesleyan Book Room, asked if Mr. Wesley was in. "He has been dead nearly a hundred years," said the

clerk. "I beg pardon," replied the peddler, "I'm a stranger in these parts."

Brother Lathern, whose sanctum I invaded, dropped his pen and carried me off for a drive through the beautiful Point Pleasant Park. Few cities in the world can present so noble a drive—on the one side the many-twinkling smile of ocean, on the other a balm-breathing forest and the quiet beauty of the winding North-West Arm. At one point, in the old war times, a heavy iron chain was stretched across this inlet to prevent the passage of hostile vessels.

We crossed afterwards, in a golden sunset, to Dartmouth—the waters of the broad bay flashing like a sea of glass mingled with fire; and a few minutes later deepening into crimson, as if the sinking sun had turned them into blood, as did Moses the waters of the Nile. Our return trip in the darkening twilight was very impressive. The huge hulks of the war-ships loomed vaguely in the gathering gloom, while the waves quivered with many a light from ship and shore—the white blaze of the electric lamps contrasting with the ruddy glow of the oil lanterns on the crowded shipping.

It is gratifying to find that Methodism is occupying such a commanding position, with its commodious churches, its zealous ministry, its noble and generous-minded membership. Since the date of my visit the Rev. David Savage, with his evangelistic band, in conjunction with the resident pastors, have been blessed with a remarkably successful work of revival. It was cause of much regret that my limits of time did not permit me to stay over Sunday in the city.

The drives in the vicinity of Halifax are of remarkable beauty. That around the winding shores of Bedford Basin Dr. Punshon declared to be one of the finest in the world. Thirty years ago, when a boy, I drove with my parents in a carriage with a tandem team through the country. The rugged scenery was remarkably picturesque. I remember we took refuge from a thunder storm in a farm-house and were hospitably entertained with tea sweetened with molasses! In his native county my father introduced to me almost every one we met as a cousin of mine. Many of them are now scattered far and wide over the continent.

Halifax is in appearance and social tone probably the most British city on the continent. Long association with the army and navy have accomplished this. For a hundred years British

red-coats and blue-jackets thronged its streets. Princes and dukes, admirals and generals, captains and colonels, held high command and dispensed a graceful hospitality, royal salutes were fired from fort and fleet, yards were manned and gay bunting fluttered in the breeze, drums beat and bugles blew with a pomp and circumstance equalled not even at the fortress-city of Quebec.

The early history of Halifax is one of romantic interest. Nearly half a century had passed since the cession of Acadia to Great Britain by the peace of Utrecht, yet not a step had been taken towards settlement. An energetic movement was made for the colonization of the country, under the auspices of the Board of Trade and Plantations, of which Lord Halifax was the President. On account of its magnificent harbour, one of the finest in the world, Chebucto, or Halifax, as it was henceforth to be called, in honour of the chief projector of the enterprise, was selected as the site of the new settlement. In the month of July, 1749, Governor Cornwallis, in H. M. Ship *Sphynx*, followed by a fleet of thirteen transports, conveying nearly three thousand settlers,—disbanded soldiers, retired officers, mechanics, labourers, and persons of various rank,—reached Chebucto Bay. On a rising ground, overlooking the noble bay, the woods were cleared and the streets of a town laid out. In busy emulation, the whole company was soon at work, and before winter three hundred log-houses were constructed, besides a fort, store-houses, and residence for the Governor,—the whole surrounded by a palisade.

It has been since then the scene of many a gallant pageant, but none of these, I think, were of greater moral significance than one which I witnessed thirty years ago. I happened to be in Halifax when the steamship arrived with the first Atlantic submarine telegraph cable. She was a rust-stained, grimy-looking craft, sea-worn with a long and stormy voyage. But never gallant ship received a warmer or a more well-deserved greeting. A double royal salute was fired from fort and fleet, yards were manned and many-coloured bunting fluttered, in honour of the greatest scientific achievement of recent times. The first message transmitted was one of peace on earth and good will to men—an augury of the blessed time when the whole world shall be knit together in bonds of brotherhod. But alas! the continuity of the cable was in a short time interrupted, and the whispered voice beneath the sea from the Old World to the New for nearly ten years was silent. To overcome the loss of faith in the scheme

and other obstacles to its completion, its daring projector, Cyrus W. Field, crossed the Atlantic fifty times, and at last, like a new Columbus, to use the words of John Bright, "moored the New World alongside of the Old;" or, to adopt the beautiful simile of Dr. George Wilson, welded the marriage-ring which united two hemispheres.

The initial cut of this article gives a good idea of the Halifax terminus of the Intercolonial Railway. Till the completion of the Canadian Pacific this was our greatest national work. It still is a system of incalculable value to the Maritime Provinces. Before these great roads were completed the Dominion was a giant without bones. But these roads, extending nearly four thousand miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have given it a backbone, a spinal cord, and a vital artery that will contribute marvellously to its organic life and energy. We purpose in succeeding numbers to describe the scenic and other attractions of the principal places situate along the line of the Intercolonial Railway, the national highway of the Maritime Provinces.

GOOD NIGHT.

BY MARY K. A. STONE.

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep."

REST of my heart! I thank Thee now,
In this my silent prayer,
For darkness and its healing gift,
Pledge of Thy ceaseless care.

Just as I lay my body down
In sleep's abandonment,
So yield I, Lord, my thought, my life,
To Thy supreme intent.

Pardon my sins so manifold,
Cleanse me for Jesus' sake,
Grant that the friends I love below,
Of heavenly good partake.

And should I wakeful be to-night,
O let Thy Spirit brood,
In sweet remindings of Christ's love
And of Thy Fatherhood.

When death's kind slumber stills my heart,
Ending life's changeful way,
O then will dawn fair Paradise,
And love's immortal day!

VISITS TO CELEBRATED TOMBS IN GERMANY.

BY MRS. MARIA ELISE LAUDER.

FERRARA, where the magnificent and art-loving House of Este once ruled, has lost its ancient glory, and as one gazes on its gray castle, with its four massive towers, and the forsaken and grass-grown streets, the most interesting recollections awakened are connected with the Reformation. True, the brilliant poets Ariosto, Petrarch and Tasso adorned the Court of Ferrara, then one of the most cultivated of Europe; but the broken-hearted Princess of France awakens a still deeper interest. She lived behind those grim and pitiless walls. Three names lend unfading lustre to the place—Savonarola, Renée de France, and Olympia Morata. In 1452, the great Girolamo Savonarola was born in Ferrara, and a little more than half a century later, in 1526, that noble and gifted woman, Olympia Morata. The father of the latter was a professor, a favourite at Court, and the centre of a learned circle. At the age of fifteen years the precocious Olympia was familiar with the Greek and Latin languages and literature, and a year later lectured on those subjects at the University of Bologna.

One of the Huguenots, Curione by name, fleeing from France, was sheltered and concealed by her father, and through his instrumentality the family was won to Protestantism, and Olympia threw aside the pagan poets and took up her Bible. Her father died, the Court withdrew its protection, and the persecuted Renée could render no help. The Inquisition sent the Protestants to the dungeon, to torture and death. In this great danger the young German, Professor Grundler, befriended the family, offered his hand to Olympia, and they fled to Germany, and finally found refuge, like so many others, in Heidelberg. Olympia is still remembered there for her profound learning, deep piety, and works of benevolence.

She died in 1556 and was buried in St. Peter's Friedhof. The little "God's acre" has long been converted into streets, but in the church, to the right of the north entrance, is a mural tablet to the memory of her who had been the pride of Ferrara.

Baden Baden is not more than two hours' journey from

Heidelberg, and I always found a new pleasure in visiting the Greek Chapel erected in memory of the young Russian, Prince Stourdza, who died here when sixteen years of age. The chapel stands on a hill overlooking the town and the dark-wooded mountains of the Schwarzwald. The marble mausoleum represents the youthful prince, seated at a table, surrounded by favourite authors, Milton, Shakespeare, Homer and Dante conspicuous among them, and an angel stands at his side—the Death-angel calling him away. There are also portraits of his parents and only sister.

The chief attraction I found in Wiesbaden was the memorial Greek Chapel to the Russian Princess, Elizabeth Michailowna, Duchess of Nassau. The chapel is in the form of a Greek cross, crowned with a large dome and four smaller ones, all richly gilded; the highest is surmounted by a gilt Greek cross, held in its place by gilt chains. The interior is of white marble; there is a costly altar-screen, and the altar bears an exquisite crucifix in crystal. But all this magnificence only lends lustre to the gorgeous mausoleum, a master-piece of Hoffgarten. The figure of the young mother, not yet nineteen years of age, reposes, as if in sleep, upon a white marble sarcophagus; the outlines of the form, exquisitely sculptured, are seen through the drapery. A joyful dream seems to have left the reflection of a smile on the countenance. At the sides of the sarcophagus are statuettes of the twelve apostles, and of Immortality, Faith, Hope and Love at the four corners. What cannot love and art do?

From Wiesbaden one may go to Heidelberg by Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Darmstadt and the northern slopes of the Odenwald. Frankfort has much to detain one—the "Goethe-house," the "Luther-house," Schwanthaler's grand statue of the poet whom Germany delights to honour, and the romantic Taunus where he loved to ramble. In the old graveyard Goethe's mother is buried. Like most unusually gifted men, the brilliant poet inherited his intellectual greatness from his mother, and in him she lived her mental life over again.

From Heidelberg we may visit the cathedrals of Worms and Speyer, the latter founded in 1030 by Conrad II. as a royal tomb for himself and his line. It is Romanesque in style, massive and grand. In the great vestibule, in gold mosaic niches, are statues of the Kaisers buried here. The numerous frescoes are gorgeous, among the finest of modern art. In this St.

Denis of Germany, St. Bernhard preached a Crusade, and his fiery zeal led Kaiser Conrad III. to become a Crusader.

Bonn, on the Rhine, the proud birthplace of the great Beethoven, contains the grave of Schumann, who died here in 1856. Here, too, Niebuhr is buried, and Frederick William IV., his royal pupil, patron and friend, erected a statue to his memory. Near his tomb is that of Ernst von Schiller, son of the poet, and next, that of his mother. The good old Saxon city of Leipzig can boast of her great men—Wagner, Leibnitz, Mendelssohn and Bach. The grave of the latter is now unknown, although, at the suggestion of Mendelssohn, a monument was erected near the supposed place of his rest. Eck, the famous opponent of Luther, is buried in the church of the University. There is a mural tablet to his memory in the ancient choir.

During our summer in that home of poesy and ideality, the "Musenstadt" Weimar, one of my favourite rambles was to the Friedhof, adorned with trees and flowers, and containing the grand-ducal vault. At the left side of the entrance stand side by side the oaken coffins of the two great poets, Schiller and Goethe. Their friendship was one of the most beautiful on record, and it is fitting they should thus sleep together, since they ever stand on the same platform in the mind and heart of the nation. Their beautiful monument by Rietschel is in the Schiller Platz, near the house where Schiller died. It represents the two poets standing together on one pedestal. Goethe rests his left hand on Schiller's shoulder, and with the right he holds a wreath, which he seems about to place on his brother poet's head, but which Schiller seems with the right hand to decline, as more fitting for Goethe. It is one of the most expressive and life-like works of art in Germany.

Directly behind the grand-ducal vault is Hummel's grave. I had the pleasure of knowing Frau Hummel, the widow of the great composer and pianist, one of the most delightful old ladies you could imagine, with great soft gray eyes, and the loveliest hair, not snow-white, but the faintest touch of pale gold white. "Betty Hummel"—as she wrote her name in my album—is of Vienna, and endowed with great musical talents. When eighteen years of age, and while preparing to make her *début* in Mozart's "Magic Flute"—then just finished—she received an offer of marriage from both Beethoven and Hummel. She chose the latter, but the former never forgot her, and, it is said, never recovered from his disappointment. Frau Hummel has known all the great musical artists of her time. It was

very pleasant to listen to her chat about Mozart, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Schubert, Haydn, Schumann, and a score of others. She showed me the cast of her husband's hands—with such short fingers one wonders how he ever could have been the *virtuoso* he was—the last pen Beethoven wrote with, and a lock of his hair cut off by her own hand after his death. I shall not soon forget the sweet aged face, and the smile with which she said, kissing me on both cheeks, when I took leave of her on quitting Weimar: "Reise mit Gott"—"Travel with God"—a precious benediction.

In company with two friends, I drove to the estate of Osmannstedt, once the property of Wieland, and where he is buried. It is one of the loneliest spots I ever saw. The monument, an obelisk, stands in a small wood, enclosed by an iron fence. Here rest also his wife and Sophie Brentano. Wieland's grand-daughter, married to a barrister, resides in the "Wieland-house," in Weimar. I met her at a musical re-union, had a most interesting conversation with her, and she invited me for the following day to four o'clock tea. She showed me the room in which her grandfather died, many things he had used and loved, and the arbour in the large garden, shaded by fine old trees, where he wrote frequently in summer.

In the Stadtkirche the noble Herder was pastor, and in his church is his tomb. The "Herder-house" is just opposite the church, and there is a statue of him on the Platz. The mural tablet on his tomb has his motto: "Licht, Liebe, Leben"—"Light, Love, Life." Lucas Cranach and Musäus are buried in this church.

The Muses still love Weimar, for their queen, Music, holds here her royal court, together with the grand old Meister Liszt, from May to August, when artists flock to it from all parts of the world to listen to the king of pianists, and try to catch some of his inspiration.* Who that has seen him will forget the kingly figure, the keen, penetrating eye; the massive, expressive face, on which a new thought or feeling plays every moment: the mouth, pitiless in its sarcasm, or tender with sympathy; the lofty brow, the long white hair? But when he sits at the piano, and a torrent of melody—of grand thoughts, or playful—is poured forth, then it is one comes to see what genius means.

Dresden, that grand treasure-house of art, with its charming

* Alas! one must now use the past tense.

environs and its romantic "Saxon Switzerland," is the last resting-place of one whose name is a household word in every country. Weber lies in the family vault, and a public monument has been erected to his immortal memory.

"The master's chord is broken,
And the master-hand is cold."

On different journeys to and from Leipzig, we visited the two historic old cities of Brunswick and Hanover. The master of German critics, Lessing, died in Brunswick in 1781. His tomb is in the St. Magnus Church. One loves to linger in the cathedral, built in 1173 by Henry the Lion, after his return from the Crusades, the crypt of which has been for centuries the burial-place of the Guelphs, the parent race of our own Queen. At Hanover is the tomb of the profound scholar and thinker Leibnitz. I visited the queer old house where he lived and died. It is ornamented with a number of scenes from sacred history.

While in the Harz Mountains, we visited Halberstadt, where is one of the oldest and noblest Gothic cathedrals in Germany. Here the poet, "Vater Gleim," lived and died, and, according to his own desire, he lies buried in his garden outside the city. Friendship was his life-element. He was one of those genial souls that one instinctively loves, and he drew around him all the great minds of his day. The "German Sappho" visited him here, and Klopstock wrote an ode to him—"An Gleim" —who

"Nur mit Sokrates Freunden lacht"—

"Who only laughs with the friends of Socrates."

Quedlinburg, an hour distant, is of much interest. In the crypt of the castle church are the tombs of Henry the Fowler, who died in 936, his Empress Matilda, and their daughter Matilda. Princess Amalia, sister of Frederick the Great, was once Abbess of this royal Kloster, and her rooms in the Schloss remain in part as she used them. Opposite the castle is the house in which Klopstock was born, and in the park, laid out a thousand years ago, is a bust of the poet.

Klopstock sleeps, together with his beloved Meta, in the "God's acre" of Ottensen, near Altona and Hamburg. A figure of Religion stands by his grave and points toward heaven. Klopstock wrote the famous line on Meta's tomb:

"Saat, von Gott gesät, dem Tage der Garben zu reifen"—

that is "Seed, sown by God, to ripen for the day of harvest"—literally, "the day of sheaves."

While on a visit in midsummer to a friend in Berlin, we visited together all the celebrated tombs. We found Mendelssohn's grave buried in flowers, to which we both added more, and I took some away. Schleiermacher, the great theologian, and Ludwig Tieck, the brilliant and prolific novelist, are buried here; also the two brothers Grimm, and Neander, Chamisso, and Hoffmann—one of the most original of novelists—Fichte and Hegel the philosophers, Rauch and Schadow the sculptors, and the poets Langbein and De la Motte-Fouqué. On another side of Berlin are the two Jewish cemeteries, in one of which is the grave of Meyerbeer, in the other that of Moses Mendelssohn. Near by is the seat of the Humboldts, and here is the family vault where the great brothers Alexander and Wilhelm von Humboldt are buried.

There are in Potsdam two churches of deep interest to the world. In a vault behind the altar of the garrison church are the coffins of Frederick William I. and his son Frederick the Great—the former of black marble, the latter of lead. No splendour, no display of regal pomp and power. Truly, this simplicity seems most fitting in the presence of Death—the universal conqueror. The entrance to the Church of Peace is by a beautiful *atrium*, containing a fountain and Thorwaldsen's colossal Christ, in marble—a sublime work. Frederick William IV. and Queen Elizabeth are buried in this church, and above is a glorious resurrection angel with the trumpet, by Tenerani, a pupil of Thorwaldsen. I have already spoken, in my paper on Luther, of that precious church in Wittenberg where Luther and Melancthon slumber until the trump of doom shall sound, and the light of truth shall burst forth with undimmed splendour and glory. With what triumph shall the redeemed then sing: "A strong tower is our God!"

We paid a week's visit to a friend in Frankfort-on-the-Oder, which boasts its famous tomb—that of Ewald Christian von Kleist, author of "Der Fruhling," "The Spring," and many other poems. This poet served under Frederick the Great, and fell in the battle of Kunnersdorf, 12th May, 1759. The spot where he fell is still called "Kleist's Hohe"; it lies in a wood, and one must go through a large field to reach it. A tiny hollow on the summit of the hill, whence one looks over the city

and the Oder, is still remembered as the spot where he lay wounded all night, and till nearly noon of the following day, when he was found by a Russian officer, who had him taken to the city and nursed—but it was too late.

Quaint old Munich, with its palaces and grand works of art, its monuments and churches, kept us busy several days; but I found time notwithstanding to visit the two great cemeteries. Both contain many names famous in literature, science and art—Lange, Schelling the philosopher—the rival of Fichte and Hegel—Liebig, Bischoff, Jacobi, and others. On our way from Munich to Verona we spent a couple of days in the lovely city of Innsbruck, next to Salzburg the most picturesque place in the Tyrol. The white mountain peaks shut in the valley through which flows the Inn, and from various points one catches glorious glimpses of the distant snow-capped Alps. But I must linger only to speak of the superb and unique monument of Maximilian I. The marble sarcophagus, bearing a kneeling figure of the Emperor, stands in the centre of the nave, enclosed by an iron grating, while arranged on each side of the nave are the life-size statues of twenty-eight of his royal ancestors and relatives. It was a delight inexpressible to sit in the quiet church, and let so many historic personages pass in review before one—in their beauty, or power, or woes. And, after all, Maximilian does not lie beneath this gorgeous mausoleum, but in his native place—Wiener-Neustadt. Here, in 1654, Christiana of Sweden forsook the Church of her great father, Gustavus Adolphus, and declared herself of the Romish faith.

To say that Salzburg is lovely is to convey but a faint idea of its wondrous beauty. The view from the fortress can scarcely be surpassed, the clear Salzach winding through the green meadows, and hiding itself behind the mountains. We love the place for this beauty, but we love it for something more, for here was born the great Mozart. The house in which he was born is guarded like a sacred place, and here, too, is the Mozart garden-house, in which he composed the "Magic Flute." It stood then in Vienna, but was removed hither. In the room in which he was born, in 1756, are his bust, his concert grand piano, manuscript music, letters and portraits. In the church of St. Peter's is the tomb of Staupitz, Luther's monastic Superior and friend.

We went from Salzburg to Linz by rail, and from there down the Danube to Vienna. In Vienna we made three memor-

able pilgrimages—the first to Mozart's grave. Poor Mozart! dead at thirty-five! We remember his last words: "Too late." The immortal tone-poet was buried in the pauper's burial-place, and in a common pit, of which one was opened daily. Afterward, when the great-hearted Liszt wished to erect a monument, they were not sure of the spot, but a man who had attended his funeral recollected that it had been a stormy day, and that only one person was buried on that day, and he fixed on the spot. On the pedestal of the monument is seated a beautiful figure of Music, her left hand resting on a pile of folio volumes bearing the titles of his eight great operas and his requiem. The requiem was his last work; he died before it was quite finished. Its history is remarkable. One day he had a visit from a stranger, who ordered a requiem, but declined to make himself known. This mysterious order filled Mozart with melancholy forebodings, and he wrote his own undying dirge. We gathered some flowers from the grave as sacred *souvenirs.*

Beethoven's grave is in the cemetery of Währing. There is a slab of gray stone, bearing a single word, in large gold letters —Beethoven. A single grave separates his tomb from Schubert's, whose bust occupies a niche. In the Capuchin Church is the royal vault, where over a hundred of the House of Hapsburg rest from the wearisome splendours of state. Here is the rich sarcophagus of Maria Theresa and of her consort, Franz I. The coffins are mostly quite plain. Two are of sad interest—those of Marie Louise and the "King of Rome," side by side. The grand old cathedral of St. Stephen's contains the rich marble mausoleum of Frederick III., the tomb of the poet laureate, Conrad Celtes, and of Prince Eugene of Savoy.

There is not a city in Germany which will better reward the lover of antiquity and history than Prague. St. Veit's Gothic church stands on the Hradschin, a hill on the left bank of the Moldau, commanding a fine view of the city. It is a grand edifice, almost black with age, with its lofty arches, costly altar and numerous chapels. In the nave, above the royal vault, is a mausoleum in Carrara marble—now a deep gray—bearing the figures of Ferdinand I., with the Empress Anna and Maximilian II. These and several other sovereigns are in this vault, which contains a beautiful statue of the risen Christ, in alabaster. The first chapel to the right of the nave is that of St. Wenzel the Martyr, Duke of Bohemia in the tenth century.

The chapel, almost black now, is ornamented with Bohemian precious stones and nearly obliterated frescoes, and contains St. Wenzel's tomb, his iron helmet and coat of mail. The threshold and part of the pavement are nearly worn away by the tread of so many centuries. In an aisle of the choir is the tomb of St. Nepomuk, the patron saint of Bohemia. The sarcophagus is of silver weighing thirty hundredweight, and is surrounded by silver statues of Silence, Humility, Love, Obedience and Holiness. The value of this shrine is immense, the coffin alone being worth 200,000 *gulden*—a *gulden* is one shilling and eightpence.

The Jewish cemetery is a strange and wonderful scene, a confused tangle of thousands of stones, some of them already half-sunken in the earth, grown thick with mosses and half hidden in the long grass, while now and again a knotty old lilac seems to bend mournfully over the forgotten graves.

THE BAND-WORKERS' CALL.

WORK on, work on for Jesus,
Ye toilers in life's field;
Not, not in vain ye labour,
The seed must harvest yield.
Though now ye go forth weeping,
Ye shall return again,
And come with gladness bearing
Your sheaves of golden grain.

Work hopefully for Jesus,
Remember as ye toil,
That e'en in stony places,
Are spots of fruitful soil.
Work constantly for Jesus,
Think of His work for you,
For such a loving Master,
How small the most we do.

Go seek the hosts that perish,
That run the road of sin,
Go tell the Gospel story,
Go seek some soul to win.
Go not in self-dependence,
But strong in Christ thy Lord,
His strength can know no failing,
And sure is His reward.

—*Glad Tidings.*

"CIRCUS EVA:" OR, MOTHER'S STAR.*

BY THE REV. D. DAVIES MOORE, A.M.

THE tale I am about to tell, apart from its more immediate object, is an answer in very practical shape to the most active and insidious form of infidelity in the world to-day. Positivism has extended her false right hand to the great unchurched labouring classes, under the specious name of the "Service of Man." Her promises are brilliant, but the fruit of such promise turns out to be a true apple of Sodom. Mr. Cotter Morison, co-evangelist with Mr. John Morley, of the new creed of "Humanity," writes this remarkable confession of the impotency of their system,—"There is no use in disguising the fact that there is no remedy for a bad heart."

The story of "Circus Eva" exhibits, as another trophy for the positivism of Christianity, a bad heart saved to the uttermost.

Circus Eva, or Eva Morell, or ——, was born in a well-known American town, and at the tender age of ten lost that most precious of earthly gifts—a good mother. Her home then ceased to be for her the sweet abode of former years. She did not take well to a new mother, and resolved, when the chance offered, to be away on her own account. Such a determination in one so young indicated a disposition calculated to go towards extremes in goodness or badness.

Unfortunately, on leaving home her life became surrounded by most baneful influences.

One day the little twelve-year-old "Eva" wandered under the canvas of a circus company. Her romantic nature was charmed by the glitter of the showmen, and the novelty of their entertainment. She resolved to go upon the boards.

The child's pretty face and quick ways so impressed the manager that he took her away with the company. Eva travelled along with the show to St. John, N.B., but soon discovered that a second class circus was no bed of roses. She deserted her new comrades, and found herself a lone waif in a strange city.

Often the child wept over her loneness and the mother she had lost. Out in the night there was ever one star of the sky that seemed to shine into her soul, the influence of which was so strange that she believed, and always clung to it, that this

* This narrative of Christian work and rescue illustrates the nature and success of the evangelistic efforts carried on by Methodist band-workers of the city of St. John, N.B. These efforts have been signally owned of God in the reclamation and conversion of many who, in all probability, would never have been reached by any other agency.—ED.

bright beacon was the spirit of her mother, beckoning to her from the glory land.

But Satan was near the child with new snares, determined eternally to kidnap this young soul from heaven and her mother.

Not knowing whither she went, "Eva" now wandered into Sheffield Street, which at that time was the scene of far greater riot in sin and shame than even at the present. She saw a large building brilliantly lighted, according to the custom, to draw in all silly moths of the night floating down that way.

Music and dancing were adding to the charm, and nightly drew into the silken mesh of vice, to hold them fast, some unwary souls, who had come perhaps from a poor but loving country home to enter service in the city. Alas, how many have gone down this way of hell. One saloon-keeper told me that in a short experience, he could count more than twenty young girls who had come there and died a violent or a loathsome death.

Through the door of a notable dance-hall, now used as our Mission Room, young "Eva" fatefully passed, and from that moment her doom was sealed for years. Vice she did not understand. But her pretty face at once attracted attention in the revelling crowd, and one of the dissolute mistresses seeing her alone and strange took the child under her direful patronage, and when the dance was over led her home to be trained for sin and the devil.

Her education was complete, and the only restraint in those evil years was, as she loves to say, "Mother's Star." Often when starting out with boon companions upon some mad rout, she was compelled to leave her friends, and return to sit remorsefully in her own abode, by the shining of that bright star. But as the better influence was resisted, and she fell more and more under the spell of vicious living and strong drink, her heart became hardened in sin.

It is sad to think how the powers of hell prevailed against this soul, and how relentlessly at length she was driven along the downward course under the fiery whips of passion. She never was really happy. The shadow of her mother in heaven would fall athwart her gayest scenes of pleasure, and suddenly fill her heart with gloom. In order to drown these disturbing thoughts, as the years went by, she had recourse more and more to the poison of whiskey, until she was nearly all the time under its wild influence. She figured frequently in those mad orgies of the saloon where women stand up and fight like tigers.

Eva carries upon her the sad marks of those days to the present. Her name became notorious in the police courts, and she often alternated between the gaol and the hospital. Upon

one occasion especially, she was close to death. Her life nearly all poured from nine ghastly wounds, at the hands of a man maddened by rum and jealousy. She was carried to the hospital for dying, and lay there many weeks. Her recovery was a wonder, and when she came out again her face and arms were disfigured forever by long deep scars.

In those weeks "Mother's Star" did its best to awaken within a better life, but on becoming convalescent, she was attracted again into her former wild life. She then relinquished all thought of reform, and drank so hard that she never knew what it was to be in her sober senses. In 1886 "Circus Eva," by the testimony of her associates, the police, and the newspapers, was the most notorious girl on Sheffield Street.

"Eva" was now in her twenty-fifth year, and it was at this time the writer became acquainted with her by sight and reputation, Sheffield Street being comprised within the parish of his church. Organized Christian work in this part of the city, from various causes, but chiefly on account of the great discouragement connected with it, had ceased. The ladies of the W. C. T. U. faithfully visited the girls when they got into gaol, but the old home for the fallen had been for some years closed, and nothing was attempted at rescue. The Salvation Army itself never touched this outcast vicinity, except by a very occasional open-air meeting. It was soon impressed upon me by the Master that this work was sadly neglected. I began to familiarize myself with the street and its people by frequent walks through this part of St. John South, and my heart was so drawn out towards these souls that there would come to me no rest till some real, earnest effort was set on foot.

At last our plans were formed. One Sunday afternoon, with a devoted little company of men and women from Centenary and Carmarthen Methodist Churches, we opened our Mission in the deserted little Bethel belonging to the Y. M. C. A. The mission service was next day graphically described in the *Daily Telegraph* and *Sun*, by reporters who were present. The result of this first effort was wonderfully encouraging.

Three of the poor girls came weeping to the penitent bench. One of these was "Circus Eva," who had attended as she afterwards said, to have some fun. But although it was day-time, "Mother's Star" gleamed into her soul, through the walls of the old Bethel, and the blessed Saviour called to her as never before.

But we soon found there was to be no easy, or immediate success in this work. The girls had to go back from the Mission into their own sinful abodes, and at once were met by terrible temptations of evil. Our next object was, by visiting all the houses and saloons to become personally acquainted with their inmates. This task required much mingled guile and love. But we found that with the pure love of the Christ taking

the place and driving out the mere sense of Christian duty, we possessed a power of heavenly magnetism that told mightily for God. More than once afterwards we had it said to us by rescued souls, "We could not resist, for we felt you came to us out of love, and not simply because you felt you ought to."

At "Eva's" penitency the police and her friends laughed. They talked about it as her latest escapade. But the Master taught us better, and gave us a faith to believe through the most unlikely things. Such a faith was needed. Before "Eva" was truly saved there elapsed three weeks of desperate struggle with the devil, and the indecision of a will whose power had nearly been destroyed by so long a course in vice. But in sin she now found no rest. A mighty spell was upon her, and at last the crisis came, when she decided to write to her father, asking his forgiveness and the refuge of his home.

This letter was accompanied by one which besought him by the love of Christ, and charged him at the risk of his own soul not to return an unfavourable reply to this daughter who had been lost, and was now found. For a week an answer was anxiously looked for; there seemed no other hope for one whose past life had closed against her every door.

Christian people, what would the Master say to such confession as this? A whole city full, and no one so pitiful as He would have been. Of course there is much to risk in such cases, but the benedictions and rewards of glory are built upon risks like these. My Lord risked *all, His* all, to save me, and O my soul, shall I risk nothing in His sweet cause!

Thank God, the light of a more tender love is breaking now into the hearts of our people, and many of them have come from the school of society to that of Christ, to learn what is the true treatment of our fallen sisters. God haste the day when the scarlet letter of infamy shall be fastened upon the rich villain, rather than his unfortunate victim.

At last two letters came from ——. That to me caused my eyes to dim with tears, and my heart to breathe a deep "Praise God." The other was delivered to "Eva" by my own hand in the —— saloon on Sheffield Street. Never shall I forget the tempest of joy and grief that swayed the poor girl at the reading of that letter. She leaned over the bar, weeping and weeping. When it was over, she turned to me and said, "I am to go home." The following is a portion of the letter from Eva to her father:

"O dear father, it has been so long, and so many years since I have heard from you, or saw you. I hope you have forgiven me, and not forgotten me altogether. O father, God is taking me to His heart, and I hope you will not cast me out. I have been very bad, but Jesus has made me better. Do please write to me, and forgive me, and say that I may come home to spend the New Year's.

"Your wayward, loving little daughter,

"————."

By a strange providence, a short time before the receipt of this touching letter from his lost child, this father's heart had been melted at a meeting of the Salvation Army, and having experienced at least the beginning of religion, he was able to respond to his daughter's appeal, as a parent, alas, does not always do in such cases.

I give a part of the letter to Eva from her father:

"My dear little daughter, I was so glad to hear at last, after so many years, from you, and to know you had been converted. I hope you will always lead a life pleasing to God. Your mother and I want you to come home. Come at once. I have forgiven you, and will take you home to my heart.

"Your loving father,

"———."

And now we trusted that all would be well, and that "Eva" indeed was to be saved. But our faith was destined yet to suffer a severe trial. Several days, in which loving women in the church were preparing a suitable outfit, had to elapse before her departure, and Satan was setting all his forces in array for a final struggle. At this time "Eva" had in her possession a pocket Bible of my own. Upon its return I found she had written in a fly-leaf these words: "—— has given her heart to God, and hopes to meet her mother and her angel sister in heaven." At this time too, she told to me the story of the star, and of the strange power it had exerted upon her life. I have never doubted but that the loving Saviour used that star to speak to this soul who had been so early snatched away from all good influences, as He speaks in some way to every benighted lost one, showing it some light of truth.

In those days our rescue work was retarded at every step by the lack of a refuge home. That need is now splendidly supplied. On Monday night before the New Year's, "Eva," with two other girls, came into my church, and my heart sank to see that they all had been drinking. But they behaved well, and before the service was over had recovered from the effects of the liquor. However, I think that nearly every one who noticed "Eva" that night gave her up as a lost case. God made my own faith in this girl's salvation so strong that it did not even then totter. I remember the peculiar stress of temptation to which she was every moment subjected, and how her will power was almost gone.

At the testimony meeting, towards the last, "Eva" rose to her feet, and to my great joy spoke in tones clear and ringing these words:

"Dear friends, I want to speak a word. Christ is not in my heart yet. I am not good yet, but want to be, and to give Christ my whole heart, and I am going home to my father in ——, on Thursday."

Christian reader, I am relating the experience of this soul in full. I am putting in all the true, dark shades, so that you may learn from it, and never to be discouraged till the very last, in any work you may be attempting for God and man.

There are some that may be saved only by seeking and snatching with much force from the flames. But they may be saved. We hold in our hands, as a solemn trust, God's remedy for bad hearts. We must never give up trying to make them take it. The influence of soul upon soul is the means which God has ordained for the regeneration of this world in which we live.

After Sunday there was shown to us a temporary home for "Eva." May heaven evermore bless its kind mistress and master. Here, away from the fumes of alcohol and the enticements of old comrades, the good seed planted in her heart, for the first time found a chance to grow. How we rejoiced to see how the mighty spell of Calvary worked upon her! Already she began to look like a new girl. She clung with trembling tenderness to her Christian friends, the women who were helping her faith and courage. Yes, she needed courage. A heavy trial was yet to come.

Last words of farewell, settlement and exhortation had to be spoken with one who had helped her down, and held her as much his own as such relationship can claim, in her years of sin. The moment came. The interview was given. In it she bore up bravely; but when it was over, she was shaken and convulsed by a struggle so great that she nearly died. Then she stood up from where she was leaning, and cried, "It is over, it is all right now, but it nearly killed me."

We all knelt together, while many tears were falling, praying to the loving, sympathetic Christ; and as we prayed, lo, He came into the midst, and we knew we also were permitted to touch the priestly garment of Him whose feet, while upon this earth, had been washed by the tears of a penitent Magdalene, and wiped with the hairs of her head.

The next day "Eva" started on her journey home, and in a short time our hearts were gladdened by a letter from her father, saying she had arrived safely, and they had given their lost one a loving welcome.

But her life seemed destined to be touched by the fiery fingers of trial. About two months after reaching home, her father met a great misfortune in the destruction of his house and furniture by fire. He was greatly discouraged by this loss, being a hard-working man, and was tempted, as he looked upon the scene of his desolation, to murmur against Providence. But his reclaimed daughter with a stronger faith in her soul, gathered the little half-clad group about her in the night air, near the glowing ruins, and kneeling down as priestess of the family,

prayed so earnestly that they all arose with new strength from above to endure the hardships permitted by God. The ordeal was severest for "Eva," for she had lost her home thereby, and was forced now, before she was fit for it, being physically very weak, to seek a place of service. But she has borne up well through all, and though often sorely tempted, has found in Christ a constant refuge. He has indeed given her a "new heart."

We frequently hear of her good life from our ministers in ——, and from officers of the Salvation Army. Her last letter said:

"I often feel sick, tired, and worried, but I love Jesus more and more, and am determined to meet my mother and angel sister in heaven. I thank God I am well saved, but do not forget to pray for me."

Her messages to old associates on Sheffield Street are very affecting, and as we have delivered them at our open-air and indoor mission services they have caused tears to stream from the eyes of some who are still fast bound in vice.

We have watched her course with deep interest. In her experience we have seen it proved again, that even in the outcast, shunned and branded by society, there lies hidden an angel life, which, under the transforming spell of the Cross, may be called forth into beauty and usefulness.

Concerning such as she, also, our Lord has said: "They shall be Mine in that day when I make up My jewels."

"Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown."

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

HIS PATIENCE.

AH, how His patience shames our discontent!
How foolish all our fretfulness appears!
Did He not love us all those weary years?
And yet His days in quiet toil were spent.
He knew the cause whereunto He was sent—
His world stood waiting, there were anguished tears
For him to wipe, the dead upon their biers
To be awaked, and men called to repent,
And little children to be blessed, the hill
Of Calvary to climb: yet day by day
Unrecognized He calmly worked until
The time was come. O blessèd Lord, we pray
That by Thy life we may take pattern still,
And in Thy path may follow patiently.

THE LOST SILVER OF BRIFFAULT.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER II—LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

HABIT is the reconciler of men, even to the most unlooked-for destiny. In a few weeks after these events, life had settled down into its new grooves on the Preston ranche: and though it worked unevenly, and with many a painful restraint, Cassia gathered courage, and was able to look into the future with a hopeful heart. One night she walked down to the great gates with Raymund Briffault. He was not saying much to her, but he was making silence more eloquent than speech; and Cassia was feeling all the charm of his bending face, and all the sweetness of his fervent, delicate admiration. For Raymund Briffault was, in the widest sense of the word, a fascinating man. Tall, handsome, graceful, with a subtle mixture of daring and wooing in his manner; he had also a character full of surprises and impossibilities, whose "yes" might mean "no," in which two and two might make five, and who would be likely always to do the improbable. But Cassia was content with the visible, tangible joy he brought her: she had an instinctive dread of analyzing her happiness; it seemed like pulling a flower to pieces in order to tabulate its peculiarities.

He was leading his horse, and she walked by his side, her lovely face one flush of youth and joy and beauty. Suddenly they saw a horseman emerge from the shadow and approach the gates.

"It is John!" said Cassia, joyfully; and the next moment, John had sprung from his horse, and folded her to his breast. Then he looked at Raymund, but ere Cassia could speak, Raymund put out his hand, and uttered two magic words, "My comrade!" They made a claim John responded to at once, though he promised himself to look much further with all due promptitude.

The next day he went into Galveston, and easily found two of his old servants, Jeff and Morris. He sat down beside them, and said: "I know you are tired of wandering about among strangers, come home, boys! No one can care for you as I can; no one will give you better wages."

"Bress de Lord, we see you again, Mass' John! We'se had a hard time. We'se been made a fool ob, ebery way—nobody has giben us either lands or stock or place fur to lay our heads down."

"Nobody will, Jeff. You must do as poor white men have

to do, set to work, make your money, and save your money. I am ready to help you. I must go to work with you. The old place is deep in debt, but it is better to me than any other place. Your cabins are empty and look dreadful lonesome. Get your wives and children and come home. The Prestons are Prestons; black and white, they ought to pull together."

The men were thankful for the words. They had wandered about, homeless and idle; camping in cornfields or in some deserted out-house; spending their savings, selling their goods, looking forward with dread to the approaching winter. In a short time John Preston had sufficient help on the place to work it profitably. He had no fear of further trouble with his servants. They had come to understand that the Government's idea of liberty was not to support them in idleness, but to give them the opportunity to realize and enjoy the fruits of their labour. They trusted John Preston, and John fully deserved their confidence. He gave them the utmost penny of their right, he added to it many a slice from his own loaf.

He had gone to the war a gay, high-principled youth, satisfied of the justice of his cause, and willing if the sacrifice was demanded, to give his life for it. He had come back a far grander man. In hours of lonely suffering, in dark and dangerous watches, in captivity, and on battlefields, he had learned lessons of awfully solemn import and every lesson had lifted him nearer to the Infinite. He had a tender heart, he had a great patience. He had faith in God and man.

He looked upon Raymund Briffault as a grand possibility. He would not advise Cassia to marry him, but if love drew her soul to his, he would on no account interfere. Mrs. Preston was of a different opinion.

"Ray is a charming fellow, John," she said; "but I know that charming fellows, as a rule, do not make good husbands. Why should Cassia spend her life in reforming or elevating any of the Briffaults? They have always been a restless, wicked set."

"Why should men spend their lives in preaching for a pittance? Or go to heathen lands to be slain, or die of fever and neglect? Why should women devote themselves to nursing the sick and poor? To constant acts of charity and of self-denial. It is not their particular business, mother, only that being the sons and daughters of God, they feel constrained, as their elder Brother did, to be about their Father's business. The drawing of two lives together by a true love is a providence. Mother, I will not counsel Cassia to thwart it. They who cross destiny have accidents and sorrows, and have to weave their whole after-life from a tangled skein."

"If you had only seen the grandmother, John. She is dreadful. Cassia says so, and yet she would have to live with her."

"I am going there this afternoon; then, perhaps, I shall see her."

"Don't go, John. You might meet Ray's sister. She came here once, and I took a great dislike to her—the silliest, most disagreeable girl! I am sure I was very kind to her, and she has never called again. I suppose madam has heard that you were at home, and has forbidden her to do so."

"Perhaps so; I would not be a desirable lover for her, with my whole estate under a mortgage."

"You are a very desirable lover, John, for any good girl in our own set. I wish you would go and see Mollie Johnson. She is such a nice girl! Her grandfather left her six thousand dollars. It would clear the place, and let you begin life with both hands free. Mollie took such an interest in your letters, John; I used to read them to her and show her your likeness, and I am sure she couldn't help loving you."

"Mother, dear, no one can say to love 'go there' nor 'come here.' On the contrary, a man goes where love sends him."

"O John, I am afraid! I am afraid of your going to Briffault. Why must you go?"

"Ray wants a strong team of horses. I promised to let him know when Blackwell came again. He is at Shallow Springs now."

"Send a servant."

"They are all too busy. My time is of less value than theirs."

"O dear me! I am so much afraid, John!"

He sat down beside her, and said, gravely: "I don't order my own life, mother. 'My times are in His hand.' Not even your hand is as wise and kind. I am sure you can trust Him."

"I don't know, John; if you would go and see Mollie Johnson, I am sure it would be all right. But when men run into danger, that is a different thing."

Here Cassia entered, and the conversation being renewed, it was finally agreed that she should accompany John to Briffault's, an arrangement at which he privately smiled, for he could not conceive how his sister's presence was to afford him any special protection; nor, indeed, had Mrs. Preston any clear idea about the results of her own tactics; she only murmured to herself, as they rode away together, "It is so hard to tell; but if you don't know what to do, one woman against another woman is generally safe; and I don't believe that Cassia can possibly like that snake-eyed girl. It isn't natural that she should!"

It was a lovely day—though the fall was well advanced—the air subtle, and full of amber and purple haze; the foliage thin and delicate-looking; all nature in a measure idealized. A feeling of irresistible melancholy pervaded the swamp, intensified by the shrill, plaintive cry of a little desolate bird, which flitted on, from tree to tree, before them. Cassia tried

to push away the fateful feeling by an affected mirthfulness, but her pretty pleasantries fell on John's ear like melody out of tune. He knew not what sad angel had passed them, but his soul was sorrowful in all its senses.

At the gates John dismounted. He tried to shut them quietly, but in spite of his effort, they went together with an angry clang that frightened the birds from the trees and made him involuntarily put his hands to his ears. Fifty yards farther up the avenue, they were startled by the sound of some one weeping bitterly. They stood still and listened.

"It's a child," said John; "only children sob in that pitiful manner. Had you not better see what is the matter, Cassia?"

He helped her to dismount, and she pushed her way through the slight openings in the wall of myrtles which hedged in the avenue. John stood with the horses. In a few minutes he heard his sister speaking in soothing tones, and, as she did not return at once, he tied the horses and followed her. The sounds led him to a circular hedge of myrtle through which there was but one passage, then nearly closed by the year's untrimmed shoots. The interior was a place of graves, and by the side of one, with her head upon it, lay Gloria Briffault. Her face was next the turf, but Cassia lifted one of her small hands, and said, with indignation, "Look here, John!" It was red and swollen, and had two livid marks across it. "Her grandmother struck her because she wanted to come and see me. Struck her before the servants!"

"It is shameful!"

"This is her mother's grave, John. She came here in her pain and shame to weep. Gloria, my poor child, here is my brother John."

John stooped to the weeping girl and urged her to rise. She stretched out her wounded hand to him, and he held it between his own, and stroked it gently, as he would have done to a hurt baby. Then it seemed best to trust her to Cassia's sympathy, while he went to the house upon his errand; but he said to his sister: "Induce her to leave these long grasses. It is unsafe for both of you. There are sure to be snakes in such a locality."

He was pitiful and angry, and rather disturbed at the interference in his neighbour's household affairs which had been forced upon him. As he approached the house, its gloomy defiant look was very remarkable in the melancholy afternoon light. There seemed to be the usual servants about the place, but they were infected by its atmosphere, and went sullenly about their work. As he mounted the steps the door opened, and madam stood in the entrance. On her yellow cheeks there was still the red spot of passion, and the hand that rested upon her staff trembled visibly.

"Well, sir?" she asked.

"Is Captain Briffault at home?"

"He is not at home. He is not likely to be home for some hours."

"I wished to tell him that Blackwell is at Shallow Springs and has the horses he is in need of."

"Who are you, sir?"

"I am John Preston."

"I thought so. You Prestons have always been great meddlers in other people's affairs. Let the Briffaults' business alone, if you please."

John touched his hat. "Your age, madam, permits you to say whatever you wish. I am very sorry to meddle still further; but I feel it right to tell you that your granddaughter is in a condition requiring your kind and immediate attention."

"Where is she?"

"In your burial-ground. The grasses are full of dangerous reptiles, the miasma from such a place is now rising, and she is lying prone upon the ground."

"Just where she ought to lie. No position is too humble for so disobedient and insolent a child. Don't trouble yourself about my granddaughter, sir."

She shut the door with the words, and John was left alone, to take them in whatever spirit he thought proper. His face was sombre and troubled when he rejoined the two girls. They were standing in the avenue waiting for him, Gloria leaning her aching head against the saddle of his horse. She had her riding habit on, but no hat, and Cassia had tied a little pink kerchief over the girl's black, clustering ringlets. She lifted her pretty head as John approached, and smiled sadly—a smile as wan as the first pale sunshine in a stormy sky.

John's manner was very gentle to her, but also very firm, as he offered to assist her back to her home.

"I will not go home," she answered. "If you will not take me with you, then I shall stay here until Ray comes back. I will stay in the dark all alone. The snakes may bite me or the fever kill me. O, I'd rather have a panther come in from the swamp and eat me up than go back to grandma. She has insulted and abused me. Ray won't ask me to go back."

"My dear little girl, it is your duty to go home—at any rate, until your brother decides for you."

"I had done nothing to deserve punishment."

"The good sisters have told you how One that was absolutely sinless was struck and reviled by wicked men. I cannot take you with me. It would be wrong. It would expose both you and Cassia and myself to ill words and ill thoughts. Do right: it is always best."

"Follow John's advice, Gloria," pleaded Cassia. "To-morrow I will ask your brother to bring you on a visit to us. We can make it a very long visit, dear."

So, after much persuasion, Gloria permitted John to take her to within a few yards of the entrance steps. It was then almost dark; the ride home was a rapid one, and there was no further discussion of the subject until they were seated at the supper-table. John said little even then, but Cassia saw how tenderly his heart went out toward the pretty, passionate girl.

From Cassia Mrs. Preston heard the whole affair, and she was much annoyed by it. "That girl will be here to-morrow, and that will be but the beginning of trouble. Mind my words! John will feel it to be his duty to advise and guide her, and before he knows, he will be in love with her. Women like Gloria Briffault make fools of the wisest men, and men like Raymund Briffault make fools of the wisest women; but neither you nor John will listen to any thing I say until it is too late."

While mother and daughter talked in this mood John walked slowly up and down the south veranda. His heart was in a vague, sweet tumult, to which, in his dimmest consciousness, he gave no name. He only knew that he felt his duty to be very hard, and that he could not help being sorry, because Gloria must necessarily think him stern and unfeeling. While thus musing he heard the beating feet of a horse at full gallop. "That is Ray," he thought, and he felt a little nervous, for it was impossible to tell in what manner Ray might have taken his interference. He waited for his approach, but as he did not come, he went down the steps to meet him. As he did so, Gloria slipped from the shadow and touched him.

"You see I am here. Do not turn me out. Ray will come for me."

If John was conscious of any feeling, it was of a very pleasurable one. The little hand upon his arm was a claim he could not resist. He bent kindly to her, led her into the lighted parlour, and called Cassia. The rapid motion and the night air had made her face like a pink rose lit through with flame. Her eyes were bright as stars, her soft, black hair tossed into the most picturesque disorder. As a type of lovely girlhood she would have attracted every eye that had the slightest perception of beauty.

By a masterly stroke the wilful girl had won her way. "Did you think I was going in to say, 'Please forgive me, grandma?' No, indeed! I went to Adrian, and he saddled my pony gladly for me. Pshaw! there was no danger; but I can't help a little laugh when I think of the nice time grandma and Raymund will have together. Raymund is very fond of me," she said, gravely.

But ere she had finished her meal she heard a furious gallop up the avenue. "That is Raymund! Now Cassia, now John, you must stand by me, please!"

Every one was prepared for a storm, but Raymund came in

as placid and smiling as a summer noon. He took a cup of chocolate, talked to John about the horses he wanted, sang a song with Cassia, and, after an hour of pleasant intercourse, said: "Come, Gloria, the moon has risen, and we shall have a light ride."

There had not been a cross word spoken, and yet no one had found it possible to name either Gloria's trouble or the proposed visit. Indeed, Cassia would have felt wretched at the whole tone of the evening if Raymund had not whispered, ere he left: "Will you grant me an hour's conversation in the morning?"

When this question is asked of any woman she generally knows what decision she will have to make. Cassia thought she understood her own heart, but when brought to this solemn verdict it shrank before issues she had never, as yet, dared to face. To marry Raymund Briffault meant to take his home and his people for her home and her people; to dwell constantly with the malicious grandmother, and to bear daily with Gloria's impulsive and unreasonable moods. It meant also, in a great measure, a resignation of all her sweet cares for her mother and John.

Sitting alone with such thoughts at the solemn midnight, she felt how easy it might be, and yet how dreadful, to spoil a life by one mistake. Cassia had a reverent soul, and she loved her God, but she shrank from taking this perplexity to Him. So, then, she missed that glorious promise of direction in daily life: "And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk thee in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." Isa. xxx. 21.

Very little calmed and refreshed by her night's vigil, she rose early, and dressed with unusual care. She had made up her mind to speak to John about Raymund; and she went to his room to seek him.

John was an early riser. The six o'clock coffee always found him dressed, and the interval between it and breakfast he generally spent in reading, or in attending to the accounts of the plantation. To Cassia's "Can I come in, John?" a ready and cheerful answer was given. John sat with a book in his hand. He put it down, and placed a chair for his sister.

Woman-like, she did not at once enter upon the subject about which she was so anxious. John smiled, in his heart, and waited, watching her meanwhile with a great brotherly love and pride. Only one other face was fairer in his eyes—the bright, changeable, piquant face of Gloria Briffault.

At length Cassia said, "John dear, I want to tell you something. Raymund is going to ask me to marry him. What do you say?"

"Do you love him, Cassia?"

"With all my soul, John; but there are some very serious things to consider."

"Indeed, there are! Death is less serious than marriage. Death is not even a blow, it is only a pause; but marriage unrolls the awful lot of numberless generations. It is not alone Raymund, but perchance his children, and grandchildren you may be responsible for."

"That is a solemn thought, John."

"And the responsibility goes not only forward, but backward. I should say that you must include in your love Raymund's grandmother and sister. If you cannot do this, better not marry him, Cassia."

"That is what I fear, John. How can I live with madam?"

"Paul's receipt is the only one. He could do all things through the cross of Christ." He lifted the little book he had laid down at her entrance—that wonderful "Imitation of Christ," that Loyola read twice each day; that Masillon advised the clergy to study next the Scriptures; that John Wesley gave to the Methodist Church (among whose members it has had the largest sale of any spiritual book of discipline); that Jean Jacques Rousseau wept over; and Racine set to verse, and Fontenelle declared to be the best book written by man; the book that Louis XVI. read on his knees in the anguish of his imprisonment in the temple; that Dr. Johnson loved tenderly; that Whitefied kept constantly within reach. John Preston opened it at the twelfth chapter of the second book, and read: "'In the cross is salvation, in the cross is life, in the cross is protection, in the cross is strength of mind, in the cross is joy of spirit.' There is a great work to do in that lonesome house, Cassia; if you have love enough to undertake it—love enough for God, love enough for Raymund, do not fear; but if you have the smallest doubt, remember every good work is made weak by doubt."

"If I was only as wise and prudent as you are, John."

"Kindness is prudence; love is the clearest and highest of all wisdom."

"Love enough!" It seemed to Cassia, when Raymund pleaded his cause a few hours later, that it would be possible for his sake to do and bear all things. Her heart was ringing to the music of his words, and she accepted him without limit or reservation.

John joined them about the noon hour. He was not the man to shadow one of their hopes. He gave Raymund a brother's frank, warm welcome, and took him in to see Mrs. Preston. She was less cordial, and even a little tearful; but mothers have their own view of giving a daughter away, and in their heart always look upon her marriage ceremonial as having a little of the odour of human sacrifice about it

"No, John," she said, "I cannot pretend to be very glad and pleased; for I am not."

"Girls must marry, mother."

"I don't see the must; no, indeed, I don't, John. If God had taken Cassia, we should have put on black and lamented, as if something awful had happened. But this Raymund Briffault —who is not a good man at all, and who had a very hard father and a very dreadful grandfather—comes along, and thinks he would like to have our Cassia for his wife, and you are all smiling and happy about it. I must say I don't like it, and I don't think I have much reward for twenty years of loving Cassia."

This was Mrs. Preston's view of the marriage, and she was not a woman who could entertain two views, much less weigh one with another. She felt as if Raymund had, somehow, robbed her, and though she was always ladylike, she was silent and restrained in his presence. The day after the betrothal Gloria came to see Cassia. "It is the beginning of a new life to me," she said. "I have been congratulating myself ever since I heard it."

"I believe it will be, dear. I will try and make you happy. When did Raymund tell you?"

"Just as soon as he got home. He could not keep the news a moment. Would you like to hear about it?"

"Yes, I should, if there is no reason for secrecy."

"Well, there's grandma; she is a reason for most anything in the way of unpleasant talking; but you are in the family now, and you will have to take your share of her. I was sitting by her side drawing threads out of linen to make lace, when Raymund came in like a hot norther.

"'Don't bang the door, Raymund, and take your hat off in the hall.' These were grandma's first orders; and Ray set the door wide open, and flung his hat on the piano. You never can tell things to grandma, she always knows them, and she asked in a moment:

"'Well, sir, is Cassia Preston going to marry you?' And Ray answered,

"'Yes, grandmother, she is going to do me that great honour.'"

"And what did madam say then?"

"She said, 'What an event! I hope old Burke Briffault will know it! Why, the girl will be bringing Bibles and hymn books to this house! And she will be on her knees, doubtless, in it, praying! It makes me laugh!' And she did laugh. Such a cracked, thin laugh; it was horrible, Cassia. Then Ray said, 'We have been a wicked race, bad men and worse women, and this house is haunted by memories of cruelty and evil-doing; it is well for me to bring an angel here to purify it, as you say, by prayer and pure living. Gloria, you are glad, are you not?' And I threw my arms round his neck and kissed him, and said,

'Yes, I was very glad, and I would try and be good, and do all you told me.' Then grandma rose from her chair and struck me on my cheek; and Ray said, 'that grandma should have all the respect her age deserved, but that he was going to be master in his own house; and he advised her to have her rooms put in order, as you would be mistress everywhere else in it.' Also he said a word for me: 'Gloria is seventeen now, I prefer that she should not be struck again.' Then grandma left the room in a rage, and she said some words too dreadful to repeat."

"Poor Raymund!"

"Yes, indeed. Ray said he would rather face a battery than a woman like grandma; and he looked so tired and sad, as he said he hoped 'I would be good, and give you no trouble.' I made him all kind of promises, and I asked him if I might come and see you. That pleased him. O I know how to manage Raymund!"

The changes within the Briffault house, which this conversation prefigured, began immediately. Madam selected for herself the upper rooms on the left side of it, and into them were carried the heavy quaint furniture which had been bought at her own bridal. Every thing that had any special memory went there, even to the secretary and likeness of the builder of the house, the old pirate who had sailed with Lafitte, and held the orgies of hell on Galveston island, when it was only a pirate's stronghold, and a slaver's port. The picture of this Burke Briffault she put over her chimney-piece, and when she saw that Raymund looked at it curiously, she even condescended to ask that it might remain in her care.

"I did not suppose you cared for your excellent ancestor, Raymund; and I do," she said. "He was kind to me when I first came here, and he always took my part when your grandfather behaved badly, which he did twenty-four hours of every day of his life. I should like to have the picture while I live."

"By all means, grandmother. I never remember noticing it before, and it affected me curiously—that is all."

It was a poor, crude, old-fashioned oil painting; yet there was something remarkable about it. It represented a man in white pantaloons and blue coat and vest, trimmed with brass buttons. He was leaning against the rail of his ship, giving orders to crowd on every inch of canvas; and the lifted face was dark and sharp, with keen eyes and a cruel smile. A black moustache, waxed and pointed at the ends, gave him a ferocious appearance. Certainly the face of a man with whom no one would dare to trifle—a wicked man, with the taste of his own life bitter in his mouth.

Raymund looked at it thoughtfully a moment, then, without

a word, turned on his heel and left the room. He had his own cares of furnishing and painting and papering, for he was determined to wipe out the household traces of the past, as far as it was possible.

The marriage was a very quiet one. John and Gloria filled the second parts in the ceremony, and it was very natural, after months of pleasant intercourse, that the position suggested to both hearts thoughts of a still closer and dearer tie in the future. At this time it was John who hesitated. Mrs. Preston had never conquered her dislike to Gloria, and in her frail condition John could not bear to add to the dissatisfaction she felt in the Briffault connection.

One night she had held his brown cheeks in her wasted hands, and sighed, "You will be faithful to me, John?" And he had kissed her solemnly and answered "Till death parts us, mother, I will be faithful." The promise had been only a general one, no name had been spoken, no form of loyalty specified; but John felt as if the promise covered every desire his mother could have. Fretful, nervous, without much intellect or much character, she was yet to him the very best, the very sweetest and dearest mother in the world. He could remember her young and beautiful, graceful as a fairy, and pasionately beloved by his father. Not even for Gloria Briffault would he wound the heart on which he had lain, a helpless babe; the heart which had never failed him in any boyish scrape, or in any manly sorrow.

Yet he loved Gloria with that mighty love which comes but once to a man, and which, when it does not come until middle life, is love forever. Whatever Gloria might do, wherever she might go, John Preston knew he must always love her. Yet love did not blind him. He saw all her faults; her evasions and prevarications; her wilful passionate temper; her craving for admiration; her small estimation of loyalty. Good men do not, as a rule, tumble recklessly into love. Piety and culture make it a more conscious operation, for when piety and culture are in the ascendant they control the will and the passions. And so, though John loved Gloria, it was with a love as reasonable as it was strong.

In those days no one had pointed out to young people, that of all beginnings to married life, the bridal trip is the most trying. Before Cassia was half way to New York she had divined how disastrous to future happiness those idle, yawning hours in railways cars and steam-boats might become. For she saw that Raymund wearied of the restraint, and felt the obligation to be ever in women's society and service not always a joy. Gloria, at her urgent request, had been permitted to accompany them; she took from the confidential character of the journey,

and added to the demands upon Raymund's time and care. Cassia perceived that she had begun life under false conditions, that nothing she did at this period could "fit in" to the joys and duties which were to be the sum of her future.

In New York they had gay, bright rooms in the St. James Hotel, and all the wondrous panorama of Broadway was ever before them. But Cassia soon wearied of the driving and the sight-seeing. She had no shopping to do for herself, and Gloria was so unreasonable in the matter, that every such excursion with her generally ended in disappointment.

At the beginning of September they went back to Texas. Every one knows what it is to return from a pleasure-making. Cassia felt that love's young dream was over, and though she hoped for something far more sweet and tangible to take its place, she was conscious of a melancholy that was partly regret for the past, and partly fear for the future.

Raymund was also sombre and thoughtful. There were financial and domestic questions to meet, for which he was not prepared, and he foresaw much annoyance and care from the impetuous temper and well-defined selfishness of his sister. But when they left railways and cities behind them, and turned with the stage into the long vistas of the quiet prairies and the green peace of unbroken woods, both Cassia and Raymund were glad. Involuntary their hands clasped each other, and they looked steadily forward, with more of hope and cheerfulness, than they had done for many days.

In the middle of a calm September afternoon they reached Briffault. Madam had told none of the servants of their expected arrival, and she had made no preparations for it. They had been compelled to hire a carriage at the ranch, where the stage dropped them, and its rattle on the avenue made a woman desert her washing and look curiously round the corner of the house. Adrian had left Briffault when his master married, and he had not yet returned. All the other men were in the cotton-fields. There was no one at hand to assist in lifting the trunks but the woman, who came reluctantly from her clothes lines. Raymund called, and stormed, and used some language in his passion which made Cassia tremble; and, in the midst of the hubbub, the shutters were flung back from an upper window, and madam, in a high, cracked voice, shrieked out:

"Have you brought the devil home with you, Raymund Briffault?"

He did not answer the question, but it quieted him. In a few minutes the carriage drove away, and he came up the steps to Cassia. Gloria had gone to her room, but Cassia still stood on the veranda, waiting for her husband. He was much troubled, and said:

"Are you afraid, my darling, to go into the house?"

"Nay, I was waiting for you, Raymund. I am afraid of nothing when you are with me."

He led her to the threshold, took her in his arms, and kissed her fondly, saying: "O, Cassia, how much love and patience you will need!"

"Yes, but —" And she smiled brightly. She was thinking not only of Raymund's love, but of the words John had read to her that morning of her betrothal: "In the cross is salvation, in the cross is life, in the cross is protection, in the cross is strength of mind, in the cross is joy of spirit."

THE LORD THINKETH UPON ME.

He thinks of me; O Friend of Friends,
Who in my wanderings sought,
And, full of kindness, condescends
To place me in His thought!
When in a pensive mood I sit
Beneath the cypress tree,
And shadows o'er the landscape flit,
My Father thinks of me.

He thinks of me when friends forsake
Or curl the lip in scorn,
And pledges of affection break
That were in trial born.
When icy coldness settles down
On souls once frank and free—
The face once smiling wears a frown—
My Father thinks of me.

He thinks of me as years advance
And trials gather round,
And life seems an inheritance
Where peace nowhere is found;
When props decay that once upheld
All that was dear to me,
To own His goodness I'm compelled—
My Father thinks of me.

He thinks of me when rise to view
The shadows of the tomb;
I feel my daily strength renew
And see the field in bloom;
And everything is clear and bright,
Just as it used to be;
For God is all my strength and light—
My Father thinks of me.

—*Religious Herald.*

The Higher Life.

HOLINESS BY FAITH.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

CHURCH of God, beloved and chosen,
Church of Christ for whom He died,
Claim thy gifts and praise the Giver,
"Ye are washed and sanctified."
Sanctified by God the Father,
And by Jesus Christ His Son,
And by God the Holy Spirit,
Holy, holy, Three in One.

Holiness by faith in Jesus,
Not by effort of thine own;
Sin's dominion crushed and broken
By the power of grace alone;
God's own holiness within thee;
His own beauty on thy brow;
This shall be thy pilgrim brightness,
This thy blessed portion now.

By His will He sanctifieth,
By the Spirit's power within,
By the loving hand that chasteneth,
Fruits of righteousness to win;
By His truth and by His promise,
By the Word, His gift unpriced,
By His own blood, and by union
With the risen life of Christ.

He will sanctify thee wholly;
Body, spirit, soul shall be
Blameless till thy Saviour's coming,
In His glorious majesty;
He hath perfected forever
Those whom He hath sanctified;
Spotless, glorious and holy,
Is the Church, His chosen bride.

VIGILANCE.

Religion in the heart does not remove the necessity of constant watchfulness. This is the immutable law of Christian growth, the fixed price of victory over sin and selfishness. Every soul, however commanding in His personal gifts or expert in meeting the important crises that are sure to confront us in life, must bend his heart to this yoke, must accept this as one of the conditions of success. Our Lord enforced this duty in distinct words. His apostles took up the thought in many forms of exhortation: "Watch thou in all things," "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith."

Each period of the world has had its own peculiar exposures, but this injunction has never ceased to convey its solemn import, whatever the threatening dangers. It is a mistake to suppose that, because the battle of former ages had not the same grounds of approach, our age is the golden age of peace. Our foe is not yet discomfited. He is just as alert and his associates are just as wary and persistent as at any previous period.

"Quit ye like men" is the the voice of God as He summons

each one to the conflict. But before this word of command is given He interposes the needful injunction, "Watch ye." 1 Cor. xvi. 13.—*New York Christian Advocate.*

Redeeming the Time.

The inspired directions for the right use of life are very plain: "Ye are not your own. Ye are bought with a price; therefore, glorify God in your body and spirit which are his." We glorify God and educate our souls for heaven by making Christ's life the model of our own. He "died for for all, that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again." Nothing so exalts human life as having its aim identical with Christ's, which was the accomplishment of God's will and work in the salvation of the world. Such a use of life gives to it unspeakable dignity and value. Spent in the selfish pursuit of personal gratifications, it becomes a poor meagre, barren thing, without satisfaction and without peace. No object is more pitiable than the man whose world is self, who is imprisoned by his senses, and has no vision of the things that are unseen and eternal. It is but a child's life to live in the things that are seen and temporal, though we call them wealth, pleasure and fame. It is to feed ourselves with shadows, to grasp the semblance and lose the secret and soul of existence. It is the awful alternative of which Christ speaks—to gain the world and lose our own soul.

It is not an idle thing to remember at New Year the highest duties and most serious interests. Go, be reconciled to thy brother. Begin the banquet with love at the head of the table. How petty our quarrels, we who are flying away on the silent wings! Remember the poor. Happily the wings shall bear us within reach of the solemn voice which repeats: "Ye did it unto the least of these my brethren." Take up your half-done or neglected duties to the Church. It may delight you to know before the year is done that your name is transferred to the record above. It is time, too, to remember the charities and philanthropies which appeal to you for aid. Are they not good, and are you not their debtor? Can you cut out benevolence from your life and not bleed at the heart of you? Good men's philanthropy has shed light into your mind and life. Will not you shed a little of the same light with what God has lent

you? Make haste, lest these tasks will soon escape from your power to do them. You are flying. Be quick, be resolute to finish your life well. The wings never rest. While you meditate you are flying. Last year is falling into his grave. Soon you will follow him to sleep under the snow. Make haste to get ready to fly home.

Consecration.

The very word "consecration" savours of pious cant in the estimation of some people, because they have heard it glibly used by certain sentimental Christians in a cheap and flippant fashion. Rightly felt and practiced it is the very essence of healthy, holy and happy piety. God has a sovereign right to us; in every sweet breath of His pure air, in every object of beauty our eyes behold, in every line of His precious Word, in every step of His providential care, in every heart-joy at the mercy-seat, in every promise fulfilled and grace imparted, we discover a new obligation to be the Lord's. "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price;" these solemn, tender words seal the claim of our crucified Master. Christ for me, and I for Christ, is the very core of honest self-consecration.

To be worth anything this must begin with and centre in the *heart*. The whole undivided soul must be surrendered to Him who died to redeem the soul. Christ will not take up with a closet or a corner. He demands the complete surrender of the will, the faculties and the affections. A hundred half-Christians cannot make a simple whole. The more heart there is in our religion, the more joy, the more power, the more victory. Nobody succeeds in what is undertaken grudgingly; the successful men have always been, like Paul, men of one idea. "This *one* thing I do;" "for me to live is Christ."

In reading the biographies of many of the most vigorous and effective Christians we have been struck with the fact that at the outset they entered into a solemn, sincere covenant of self-consecration. Something like this has been the spirit, if not always the actual language, of their dedication of themselves to God: "Oh, heart-searching God and Father, thou hast a right to me, as my Creator and Preserver, and as having given Thy Son to be my Saviour. I thank Thee that eternal life has been offered to me through His atoning death; that the Holy Spirit has drawn my heart unto Thee, and that Thou hast called me to

Thy blessed service. May the Lord Jesus Christ dwell in my heart by His Spirit, and purify me, and fill me unto all the fulness of God. Unto Thee I do consecrate my heart, my body, my time, my possessions, my influence—all I am and all I hope to have in this world or another. Teach me how to serve Thee, and may I never grow weary in doing Thy holy will. Let Thy Word abide in me in all wisdom, and Thy grace ever be sufficient for me. Make me steadfast in faith, perfect in love and abundant in labour; and when this poor heart shall cease to pulsate on earth, grant me a gracious admission as a sinner saved, into the higher, holier service of Thy heavenly Kingdom—for Jesus' sake."

Whoever can in humble sincerity make this consecration of *himself* to God has taken the great initial step toward a healthy and happy Christian life. When the heart is given to Christ, and given without reserve or compromise, all other things will be quite sure to follow. "Holiness to the Lord" will be stamped on them as a merchant stamps his trade mark on his wares. Such practical questions as: What shall I engage in, how much shall I devote, and how much money shall I give? will be settled by a conscience of which Christ is King. *Christ will get the best.* The first-fruits will not be locked up in the granary or the fattest sheep killed for the table of selfishness. The whole week will not be monopolized for business or household duties, and a hurried ten minutes be snatched for private prayer, or a sleepy hour be grudgingly given to a devotional meeting. If there is a bright, intellectual son in the family the first thought will not be to enter him in the race for wealth and fame, or splendid station, but this other thought—may not Jesus Christ have use for this brain and tongue in preaching His glorious Gospel? There are some of us ministers who in Heaven will thank a godly mother for having made this very choice for us and for having consecrated us from infancy to this "high calling." There are very many other ways in which a man may serve God outside of a pulpit; but Jesus Christ ought to have the "pick" in our schools and colleges, and back of that in our homes and households. No young man or woman ever consecrated himself or herself to the work of saving souls and helping their fellow-creatures Godward, and was sorry for it.

The question, "Where shall I find a field of labour for Christ," must be settled by the other considerations—What am

I best fitted for, and where am I most needed? Mary Lyon's injunction to her pupils at Mount Holyoke was worthy of Paul himself: "Young ladies, in choosing your place of labour, *go where nobody else is willing to go.*" That sentence is as near like Holy Scripture as Abraham Lincoln's "With malice towards none, with charity for all."

The amount of our property to be consecrated to purposes of benevolence should be left to a prayer-enlightened conscience. If Christ keeps the check-book and the key of the purse, then He will get His own share. But not a dollar should be given to charity which is demanded by honest indebtedness. "Owe no man anything but to love one another" is a Divine rule whose claim is as binding as the claim of God's treasury. The Bible rule is that every one should give "as God hath prospered him;" in other words, according to his means. This puts the widow's mite on a par with the millions of a Morley, a Lenox or a William E. Dodge. The most effective way of consecrating money is to bestow it sympathetically—just as the river Nile gives so much water and just so much soil and rice-crop every year. But, good friends, after you and I have consecrated our whole selves and all our possessions, we shall still meet our Lord in heaven as *poor debtors.*—*Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.*

All Mercies demand our Thankfulness.

"There are bitter mercies and sweet mercies; some mercies God gives in wine, some in wormwood. Now we must praise God for the bitter mercies as well as the sweet; thus Job, 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.' Too many are prone to think nothing is a mercy that is not sweet in the going down and leaves not a pleasant farewell on the palate; but this is the childishness of our spirits, which as grace grows more manly and the Christian more judicious, will wear off. Who that understands himself, will value a book by the gilt on the cover? Truly none of our temporals (whether crosses or enjoyments) considered in themselves abstractly, are either a curse or mercy; they are only as the covering to the book; it is what is writ in them that must resolve us whether they be a mercy or not. If it comes from love, and ends in grace and holiness, it is a mercy though it be bitter to thy taste."

THE DUTY OF THE CHURCH ON THE DRINK QUESTION.*

BY THE REV. CANON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

CANNON FARRAR said he was called upon to speak of "The Duty of the Church in the Present Crisis." What was the crisis? It was that they and he were sensible of the fact that they were face to face with an immense peril. Perhaps they might be surprised to hear him say so. But a national sin was a national peril, and one of the deadliest and the least reparable. Read all the history of all the nations that ever were since time began, and they would find that it was only one commentary upon the axiom of the wise king, that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." He knew of no single instance in all history, from its beginning, of any nation, conscious of its vice, clinging to its vice, refusing to give up its vice, which had not at last perished of its vice. Now if there were any one thing more clear than another it was that the sin, the besetting sin, the curse, the deadliest curse, of England, was drunkenness and drink. It had not been so always. It had been so for the last 150 years. Before that time, of course, there was drunkenness; but before that time it was not the case that in thousands of glaring dram-shops gin was sold to our people, and it was not the case that we were, what, alas! we are now—a drunken nation. When the fatal fact began in English history, voice after voice was raised in warning. The London physicians were not fanatics, but simply men of science, and they all drew public attention at that time to the terrible increase of needless and frightful deaths. The bishops of that day were far from being enthusiasts, and yet they unanimously signed a memorial which said the Gin Act was tending to the destruction of mankind. Lord Chesterfield, one of the most polished and coolest-headed of statesmen, called distillers "artists in human slaughter,' and used language on the subject which in these days of settled apathy and ossified acquiescence would be denounced as intemperate exaggeration. There was not one of these prophecies that had been unfulfilled; not one of these warnings which had not been accomplished to the letter. Only to an Infinite Being would it be possible to estimate the amount of ruin, degradation, and disgrace which had been wrought to the nation by one single thing—alcohol—which was not at all a product of the healthy laboratory of nature's life, but had proved a curse to so many myriads of human beings. If they looked to the records of art from Hogarth's "Rum-lane and Gin-alley," to George Cruikshank's "Bottle" and "Worship of Bacchus," or read the debates in Parliament from 1750 to those of the last session, he thought, as they contemplated this triumph of intoxicating madness, this fatal overthrow of a nation's happiness, not by a man, not

* In the present aroused condition of the national conscience on the national sin of connivance with the Drink Traffic, the following stirring words of Canon Farrar, concerning this evil in England, may strengthen the resolve to hasten its extirpation from our own country.—ED.

by a fiend even, or by a combination of men or fiends, but simply by a horrible craving for a chemical product, they would feel that the only language they could use was that of the poet—"Oh, horror, horror, horror! tongue nor mind can conceive nor name thee!"

He very much wished all those who were really interested in this subject would read the "History of the 18th Century," by Mr. Leckey. So far as he knew, Mr. Leckey was not a total abstainer, nor especially interested in temperance reform; but simply because he was a good man and a philosophical historian, he had turned his attention to this subject, and he deliberately said that the year 1724 was one of the most memorable epochs of the Hanoverian period—more memorable than any of our discoveries, wars, or lives or deaths of kings; and simply because about that time gin-drinking began to infect the masses of the population, and to spread with the rapidity and violence of an epidemic. When we looked at all the results which he there partly described, we could only apply those words of Coleridge, in which, though with a different reference, he writes a dialogue between Fire, Famine, and Slaughter, and where Famine said, "Sisters, sisters, who sent you here?" and Slaughter answered, "I will whisper it in her ear:" and Fire added, "No, no, no;—

> Spirits hear what spirits tell;
> 'Twould make a holiday in hell!"
> "But who sent you?" "The same! the same!
> He came by stealth and unlocked my den,
> And I have drunk the blood since then
> Of thrice three hundred thousand men."

This same destruction was going on at this our day as it did in those days. And what was our duty in the face of this great fact? He would tell them. Not long ago, on a part of the coast of England well known to him, a gallant ship was speeding along in a thick fog towards a great iron wall of rock, where the cliffs reared themselves two hundred feet out of the deep water. The captain had lost his bearings, and the crew were ignorant of their peril. Suddenly, for one moment, the fog lifted, and they saw rocks only about a cable's length ahead. Instantly, with a shock felt by every man on board, the engines of the strong steamer were reversed; and then, even if wind and tide had been against her, yet, if she had been able to make a single inch backward in the hour, she would have been saved. That is the position in England now; the fog had lifted. They saw the wall of rock ahead of them. It was their duty to reverse the engines whose throb and motion, unless arrested, would hurry them along to inevitable destruction. It seemed to him to be the duty of the Church to point out that the fog had lifted, and to show the wall of rock ahead. If she did not, certainly the crash must sooner or later come, and England must hear, as other nation's had heard before her, those fatal words of her destiny fall from heaven, "Forever," and "Too late!"

There was one thing especially they wanted all people to do, and that was to simply look at facts. It was all they asked statesmen to do. It was all they asked Englishmen to do. It was all they implored the licensed victualers to do—namely, simply look steadily at the facts. They might sneer to any extent at temperance reformers; might point out their

weakness and errors; they might strike, but let them hear us. The only thing we wanted them not to do was to close their eyes to patent and obvious facts. If they did that the danger must go on increasing. They knew how dreadfully easy it was to do that. When a nation had once committed itself to a distinct course of error, alarm was soon succeeded by apathy, horror ended in familiarity, familiarity in acquiescence, acquiescence in palliation, and palliation in defence. When once error had linked itself arm-in-arm with self-interest, it was almost irresistible.

It was so in the days of the slave trade. John Newton, though a good man, said he had never sweeter hours of prayer and communion with God than when sailing from the coast of Africa on board a Guinea slaver, with its bales of human agony chained and rotting beneath the deck! We knew how, in the days of the slave trade, the same arguments were used for it as for the liquor traffic now. Scripture was constantly used in support of it. Moses had legalized it. Paul had sent back to Philemon the fugitive slave, and it was impious to denounce slavery. Then they said it was exceedingly dangerous to free the slave. The slave did not want freedom. If he had it, he would deluge the fields of our West Indian colonies in blood. Vast sums would have to be paid in compensation. And to free the slave was to rob the master. In spite of all these arguments, the common sense of the nation at last rose up and tore these arguments to shreds. The moral courage of the nation declared that an end should be put to that iniquitous traffic in human blood. The moral resentment of the nation dashed its strong hand against the lips of those who called evil good and good evil. For twenty years Wilberforce, in the House of Commons, fought against the slave trade; and though he was often defeated and discouraged, yet, at last, in the year 1837 the nation began to awake from its lethargy, and the work was done—England wiped off her shield that stain of blood, and the slave was free. Why was that? It was because the English people opened their eyes to plain facts. They saw that the nation must take its moral guidance, not from texts of Scripture distorted from their proper applicability, but from the strong sense of justice in which, as clearly as at Sinai, God uttered truth to the unbiased conscience of mankind. That was just what we hoped for now. He remembered once he was sitting in the house of a very eminent writer, opposite to Turner's magnificent picture of the Slaver. The slave ship was being chased by a British frigate, and was throwing her slaves overboard into the trough of the encrimsoned sea, and her thin cruel spars stood out black against the burning sky. And his host, seeing his eyes riveted on the picture, said, "That is Turner's sermon against the slave trade." We wanted such sermons now; because the danger was ten times nearer and ten times more deadly.

We, too, had Scripture quoted against us. We were told that the drink trade ought to be as it was, because St. Paul once told a total abstainer to take a little wine for his stomach's sake. We were told we were assaulting a great interest. That we should bring on great financial losses. That we were cruel to the *bona fide* traveller. How were we to meet these arguments? Scripture? Scripture can never be used rightly when used to support a system so steeped in human misery. Vested interests? There can be no vested interests in the nation's curse. Freedom? Yes, freedom

is a good thing; but, charity is a better. Financial losses? But if England would only curtail and save some of those 150 millions which she spends in drink, she might "bestride the narrow earth like a Colossus." As for the *bona fide* traveller, what are his pangs when unable to get a glass of brandy on Sunday, compared with the ruin and destruction of perhaps 600,000 living men? The day that this nation awakes at last from its somnolent and unhallowed apathy, and rises in its might, it will tear to pieces those flimsy arguments of sophistry and self-interest, and will say the sole right course to take is the course which conscience and honour dictate, and put an end to a system which, under its present circumstances, and under its present conditions, I can only call her "covenant with death."

The subject is so large that it is impossible to do any justice to it. And the case is so strong, that it is impossible not to leave out some of its deadliest items. I can not touch upon the connection of drink with pauperism, of drink with prostitution, of drink with disease, of drink with mortality, or of drink with the general stagnation of trade. When I think of this, it seems to me I see the "fingers of a man's hand" gradually stealing out, and writing letters against England upon the walls of her banqueting-house, which it needs no Daniel to interpret: "Numbered, numbered, weighed, divided!" Numbered, for unless she puts an end to this course of sin, her days are numbered. Weighed, for in this matter she is weighed and found wanting. Divided, for if, in the general outcries of distress and want, she still has 150 millions to spend per annum upon what is at best a luxury and at its worst a curse, then divided will be her trade amongst her rivals, and divided her posperity amongst her foes. That hand may be arrested, and by God's mercy these words may be left unwritten; but,

> "The moving fingers writes, and having writ,
> Moves on, nor all thy piety, nor wit,
> Can lure it back to cancel half a line,
> Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it."

And, therefore, if it were well to take the warning in time, before it becomes too late. I cannot look abroad without seeing how this system is ruining our missionary efforts, blighting our better influence, girdling the world with a zone of drunkenness, and making infected nations curse our name. That alone would be enough to make us fear the question from heaven "Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord." But I will only look at home. No human being will deny that there is a connection between drink and drunkenness; and I can not take any of the consequences of drunkenness, but simply touch upon drunkenness alone. These are frightful consequences.

> "Lo, in the vale of years beneath,
> A grizzly troop are seen,
> The painful family of Death,
> More hideous than their Queen."

But at the family of Death I can not look now. But take this single fact. In Birmingham, on the 3rd of March, Major Bond, the chief constable, had thirty-five public houses watched for three hours, and it was

found that out of these thirty-five came in these three hours an average of twenty-five drunken men. Here in your own city of Manchester, in the year 1851, there were only 787 arrests for drunkenness; but in the year 1876 there were 9,702 in this single city, and 26 per cent. of them were of women. Take, again, this single fact. Whenever a soldier is seen intoxicated, a small fine is inflicted upon him. In the financial year 1877, the small fines amounted to £17,935. Take this fact: In the last ten years there have been arrested for drunkenness in the United Kingdom 1,537,656 cases, and yet it is certain that only one person in twenty who is intoxicated is actually arrested for it. And taking that fact alone—merely the connection of drink with drunkenness—is not that enough to cause us the deepest anxiety, and make us feel we ought to change our course, or else this iniquity will certainly be our ruin? That would be so, if there were nothing behind that; but you know there is everything behind it. Disease, delirium tremens, murder, suicide, accident, shipwreck—all these lie behind it. There lies behind it a stunted, blighted, squalid population. There lies behind it an hereditary crave, which makes the whole life of thousands one long scene of anguish. It needs only you should have open eyes to see this. Only sit down and try to realize something of this ever-widening area of misery. Is it nothing to you that there is at this moment arising a wail of anguish from hundreds and thousands of English women, who, through the drunkenness of their husbands, are simply sitting down in the ruin of their lives? If, as have been said, the corner-stone of the Commonwealth is the hearthstone; if

> "The grief that sits beneath the hearth,
> Life hath no griefs beside"—

can you look on unappalled at all this extent of misery? And if you think nothing of the misery of women, can you think nothing of the misery of children? Are those white souls nothing to you, and their miseries, their wrongs, their anguish, and their temptations?

> "Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers?
> Weeping ere the sorrow come with years?
> They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
> And that can not stop their tears.
>
> "The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
> The young birds are chirping in their nests,
> The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
> The young flowers are blowing towards the west,
>
> "But the young, young children, O my brothers,
> They are weeping bitterly!
> They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
> In the country of the free!"

It is not only that many of them are actually killed. That is a fact. The Deputy-Coroner for Middlesex said that annually, in his own district, 300 children are suffocated by being overlaid by their parents, mostly on Sunday mornings when the parents were overpowered by their Saturday night's debauch. How long do you mean to go on allowing these children

to be passed through the fire to the Moloch of Alcohol, in numbers far more great than ever passed through the fire to Moloch in the valley of the children of Hinnom? But the deaths of these children are not by any means the worst part of it. For the drunkard's child there may be worse and deadlier evils than death. Did you read in the *Manchester Courier*, in April, of how a woman was going about with a baby in her arms that had died there in a public-house; and she went on carrying that dead babe—drinking, drinking, drinking—from public-house to public-house, until at last she lay down in a ditch, dead drunk, with her dead babe by her side, and she herself was picked up nearly dead? and of how the coroner said it brought one to the conviction of the old philosopher, that mankind might be divided into men, women, and beasts? Did you read in another of your own papers—the *Guardian* of this very month, November 5th—how a Burslem potter came home drunk one evening, and finding his child crying, ordered it—a little child of two years old—to be quiet; and when it still cried, took it up and put it upon the fire? How long is the fiend of alcohol to grin at us in this way from a heap of slain children.

What I want you to see is that these facts are not in the least degree isolated, but exceedingly common, and happen every day. I should like you to go with me in imagination to a single London parish, not by any means the largest, and not by any means the worst; and I could take you in that parish from house to house, within a stone's throw of each other, and tell you of tragedy after tragedy due to this cause, and this cause alone, of which the world has never heard a single word. I could take you to one house, and tell you of a strong man who, to my knowledge, in a fit of rage took up his wife and dashed her down against the counter, and split her elbow. A few doors from that I could tell you of a wretched woman swallowing oxalic acid in the misery brought on her by her drunken paramour. Almost next door to that, a family left orphans through the mother dying in delirium tremens. In another house, a poor woman crippled for life through a drunken lodger. A step or two further, and there is a poor woman whose drunken son assaulted her and was put in prison. Another woman was obliged to imprison her drunken husband. In another case, a most excellent family was made miserable by the drunkenness of the eldest son. A little farther another family, where the man, usually respectable and sober, felled his wife to the ground in a public-house, at the instigation of the publican where he had been drinking too long. These are illustrations taken from a single parish. What, then, must be the total of misery caused by drink all over the country? I do not know why Englishmen do not open their eyes to it. The judges, the cool and ablest men amongst us, have been telling us over and over again, that as long as we have this drink system we shall have this crime. I have here a report of the last address given by Lord Coleridge to a jury at Bristol, and it is perfectly disheartening to read it. He says:

"Persons sitting in his position were by this time almost tired of making this statement, but he supposed it was because the fact was so plain that nobody paid the slightest attention to it—namely, that drunkenness was a vice which filled the jails of England, and that if they could make England sober, they could do away with nine-tenths of their prisons. It was not only in a particular case, but in the large majority of criminal cases which came before a judge and jury, it was shown that they began, ended, or were

in some way connected with the public sin of drunkenness. . . . One could only hope that, as the result of education and a greater spirit of cultivation, the same improvement might take effect on those classes which now suffered from the evil. It would be a long time, he was afraid; but, so convinced were some public persons even in his position that an improvement was necessary, that with painful iteration they pressed again and again to persons in their position that which was the result of their painful experience."

That is almost the only thing I wish to impress upon this meeting. There is an enormous area of crime of most overwhelming character, due solely to the existence of the present conditions of the liquor traffic, which not one of our statesmen will effectually strive to put down. I have a cutting from a single newspaper of what happened in a single police court in one day, where case after case of death or cruelty, or horrors of all kinds, resulted from this most horrible system. Can we, as a Christian nation, be steeped in apathy, as it were so that we do not observe these facts? And if we shut our eyes and ears to them, do not forget that all these are naked and open before God; and do we think the wail of this misery is not continually rising in the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth? Let me tell you what I conceive to be the duty of the Church at the present time. Her duty is to preach the Gospel of Christ in all its blessedness and richness; and the blessedness of the Gospel of Christ is that it is the sole alleviation of human misery and the sole preventive of human crime. Therefore there are two things with which I shall conclude. The Church ought not to acquiesce; and she ought not to despair. She ought not to acquiesce. It seems little short of immoral to say drink, as sold in its present conditions, is a bad thing—it is bad, but we like it; it is bad, but big fortunes are made by it; it is bad, but an immense amount of the national revenue comes from it. We ought to say the drink traffic is either a bad thing, a good thing, or a mixed thing. If it is a mixed thing, let us keep whatever good there is, if we can discover it, and let us throw away the bad; but if it be a bad thing, let us throw it away altogether. "If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal be God, then follow him." One thing at least is certain—we can not serve God and Mammon.

But if we ought not to acquiesce, certainly we ought not to despair. We must have been every one of us, sorry to read what was said by the great and good man, Mr. John Bright—whose heart, like that of every good man, must be entirely with us in our good cause; and yet he constantly refuses to take any part in temperance legislation. What did he say? I have his words here: "The subject is one of grave difficulty. The inveterate custom of our people, their belief that stimulants are wholesome and necessary, their habitual and almost universal self-indulgence in them." What? Is he going to say that that is what ought to fire courage into action, and make every good man put his shoulder to the wheel? No! But he says: "These are obstacles which seem insurmountable." Oh, that was not the trumpet-note which rang through the speeches that did away with the monopoly in corn! Not by anything of that kind are great social and political improvements won. "Whilst these opinions and habits prevail," he says, "it is difficult to alter the law." Yes, it is difficult, but it is not impossible; and it is so much the more necessary to exert ourselves. It was difficult to abolish the slave trade, it was difficult to carry

the Reform Bill, and difficult to do away with that monopoly which made bread dear. And when Mr. Bright penned those few words, of which the *Lancet* says, "Never was there such discouragement put in so few words before," did he think of this magnificent Free-trade Hall, and the cause of which it stands as a witness—the power of prejudice enshrined in a citadel of almost immemorial strength which yet was not invincible before the strong and steady purpose of its foes? With splendid courage Mr. Bright stood almost alone amongst a whole nation, if I mistake not, at the time of the Crimean war. What is it daunts him now, in the presence of an evil ten times more evil than ten Crimean wars?

If the Permissive Bill be so "bad" as statesmen have told us it is, why, in heaven's name, does not some statesman come forward and give us a better? I am perfectly sure Sir Wilfred Lawson—who ought to have the sympathy of all good men, because he has the abuse of all bad men—I am quite sure he would be the very first to welcome such a bill. And I am very sure the statesman who should pass such a bill would wear through the rest of England's history a greener laurel than was worn even by Chatham's self. Oh! for one "still strong man in a blatant land" who is not afraid of prejudice, of abuse, or to fight the battle of the people in the fight with their besetting sin! Certainly, the Church of God ought to be the last body that should ever despair. If Buddhism has succeeded in making of China a sober nation, if Islamism has succeeded in making Mohammedan lands temperate, surely the Church of God should blush that she had not done so much. She should try to judge things in the same light as God sees and judges them in;—try to throw her stainless shield over those who are now suffering on every side from the fiery darts thrown against them. That, sir, is what I think she ought to do. She is to raise the banner of the cross, in the confidence that actuated her first Christian emperor, "*In hoc signo vinces*,"—by this sign thou shalt conquer.

PROGRESS.

"'Tis weary watching wave on wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward,
We build like corals grave on grave,
But pave a pathway sunward.
We're beaten back in many a fray,
Yet newer strength we borrow,
And where the vanguard rests to-day,
The rear shall camp to-morrow.

"Though hearts brood o'er the past,
Our eyes with smiling futures glisten,
For lo, our day bursts up the skies,
Lean out your souls and listen.
The world is rolling Heaven's way,
And ripening in her sorrow;
Take heart, who bears the cross to-day,
Shall wear the crown to-morrow."

THE PLACE OF THEOLOGY AMONG THE SCIENCES.*

BY THE REV. S. S. NELLES, LL.D.

ONE science there is, if science it may be called, which has come of late to be regarded as no member, or at least a very hostile and obstructive member, of the commonwealth of thought. I refer to theology, the science which gives name and direction to the society which I now address. This has come to be considered, in certain circles, as a kind of leper among the sciences, to be eschewed and loathed ; or as a kind of criminal, to be imprisoned, if not indeed crucified and slain. But I stand to plead still for theology as the queen of all the sciences. Her adoring wonder is the beginning of philosophy, and her lofty problems lie at the end. Which ever direction our thought may take, we cannot travel far without being confronted with the question of a God. The answer we give is theology ; the best answer is the best theology; and I for one doubt not that of all answers, that is infinitely the best which is found in the Bible, and embodied more or less adequately in the theology of the Christian Church.

If we were to discuss the question in detail it would be easy to show the large contributions rendered by Christianity to the progress of learning, by its influence in restraining the baser propensities, in quickening and guiding the conscience, in enriching the imagination, in widening the range of human sympathy, and in making revelations of truth which as much tend to nourish the intellect as they do to cheer the heart.

But let us touch only upon one great matter which lies at the foundation. The arts and sciences cannot flourish without a well established social order. Despotism is not favourable to intellectual progress, anarchy is still less favourable. And the world has yet found nothing for one moment comparable to Christianity as a basis for freedom and order. First of all things we must have security for property and person, and then the means for preserving and improving the great essentials of government. Come with me now for a moment to the end of the old Roman Empire, and let us look upon it with the eyes of Gibbon himself, no unfaithful painter of the dark scene before us. Behold then the best results of the old civilization ! Behold the issue of its long and painful experiments in social order ! Four thousand years of toils and battles have ended in this dying empire, in which all previous history seems to have found its melancholy close. Into this dead sea has plunged at last the Jordan river of the past. There was heroism once, but it is gone ; patriotism and self-sacrifice once, but they are gone. There was literature, eloquence, philosophy, a kind of religious faith, but now all are gone. The gods have departed, "great Pan is dead," the soothsayers can no longer forbear a sneer as they ply their superstitious rites, the temples are turned into brothels, and echo the hollow laugh of the sceptic and the debauchee. The wolf-suckled nation has returned to its lair.

* Through pressure of work and impaired health, the present writer is unable to prepare his usual editorial notes of Current Topics and Events. But he does what is better in presenting the following eloquent extract from a sermon entitled "Members One of Another"— preached before the Theological Union of Victoria University. We seem to hear, as we read it, the very tones of our dear departed friend, and all the more poignantly yearn :

"O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Beasts and not men are in the palace, and for the sceptre of human order has come the reign of lust and ferocity.

What now, I ask, was it but Christianity that came again to put a soul under the ribs of all this death? Came, indeed, too late to prevent the catastrophe, but not too late to recover a new and better order out of the old ruin. What was it, as Macaulay says, but the Christian Church, that rode like the ark upon the deluge, bearing in her bosom the seeds of a better civilization?

But, I shall be told, this was the work of the Gospel, that is of *religion*, and I am speaking of *theology*. I am speaking of both, and the two are indissolubly conjoined, being also "members one of another." The religion springs out of the theology, or the theology out of the religion, whichever you will, as the root and body of the tree support the foliage, and the foliage in turn feeds the root. I speak of religion, but I speak of the *Christian* religion, which is nothing distinctive or peculiar in the world if it be despoiled of its great facts and doctrines, the clear and thoughtful exposition of which is theology. If you speak of vague undirected religious sentiment merely, then you may have mythologies and superstitions as before, but, as before, you will come round again to the same dead sea, and a ruined empire put up among the soldiers at auction, and struck down to the highest bidder.

If you are dissatisfied with the results of heathenism, and look with favour upon Christianity, let us have Christianity with the integrity of her claims, and the essential features through which she has transformed the world. You must give us the incarnation, the miracles, the atonement, the resurrection, the ascension, the new birth, and the pentecostal baptism of fire. What Paul, Luther, and Wesley have done, they have not done without these. If for this supernatural and divine manifestation you substitute some diluted, colourless, in a word, rationalising gospel, then beginning with Strauss and his coadjutors, with them also you will end; beginning in making a myth of the Gospel, you will end, like him, in making a myth of the soul. With the resurrection which brought immortality to light will disappear again the same immortality.

I must have the light of truth, a basis of fact, an orderly exposition of great moral and religious principles, and the full and more or less systematic statement of these will make a science of theology; not perfect indeed, by no means infallible on its human side, always capable of receiving new lights and better adjustments, needing from time to time to be revised in its relations to the science and philosophy of the world; but assuredly never improved by being deprived of its doctrinal character, by being turned to run loose as the creature of sentiment or ceremony, or, above all, by being divested of its special and divine authority, and put on a level with the teachings of Confucius and Mahomet. If you enter my tempest-tost bark bearing me across the deep, and take away my compass and chart, nay, if you even shatter and dislodge the massive ribs of the ship, and leave me only the loosened sails with which to float upon the wild waters of the sea, then I tell you that the wild waters will be my grave and the loosened sails my shroud.

Let us then not only cleave to the Gospel, but vindicate still for theology her high place among the studies of the University and the Church. Nor, on the other hand, let us fear any of the assaults of science. True science, I trust, no one fears; and as for science falsely so called, the best security against that is, I suppose, to be found in the investigations of men of science themselves. Theologians have often been afraid of this, that, and the other theory in science; afraid of astronomy, afraid of geology, afraid of political economy, afraid of the telescope, and afraid of the microscope. "There were they in great fear where no fear was." Now, as always, the timid disciples need to

hear the voice of the Master as He walks by night upon the stormy sea, saying, "It is I, be not afraid."

Men of science are ever on the alert to detect and expose what is baseless in science. No police force of a large city so vigilantly pursues its thieves and burglars as men of science pursue the vain hypothesis and unite in exposing the shallow pretender. All motives combine to induce this vigilance and exposure. The honest love of truth will induce it, a conservative adherence to old views will induce it, jealousy of a rival may do it. Let some chemist, amid the smoke of his laboratory, find what he imagines to be a new thing; naturally enough he will be proud of his discovery, whether fact or theory; in a few hours it will be known over the whole earth. The lightning will carry it under the sea and over the land, till every laboratory in the world will be all astir in examining this strange thing. The discovery and the discoverer will be made to undergo a thousandfold scrutiny of the best living chemists. They will be tested in the furnace, tested under the blowpipe, tested in the air-pump, tested with the battery, made to pass through fire and water and "vapour of smoke," till the truth is known and proclaimed by the mouth of many witnesses. There will eventually come either verification, or refutation, or suspense of judgment, any one of which is good, and no one of which can give just cause of alarm to the Christian mind.

It may be well enough for theologians to call attention to the apparent antagonism of science to religion, but those in this case who ring the fire-bell are not the best to extinguish the flames. It is the man of science himself who is most competent to detect the errors of a coworker in his special department. The astronomer knows best what is solid and enduring in astronomy, and so in like manner in every other field of study. Nevertheless, let no specialist despise the queries and suspicions of men regarding his labours from an opposite point of view. "Our antagonist is our helper," and such are the affiliations of all learning that human progress is wrought out only by many efforts of many workers, and ofttimes the hostility and the cries of the alarmed conservative are made to contribute not less than the sympathies and plaudits of the reformer.

Let the theologian especially rejoice in the labours of men of science in giving at times a freer action and wider scope to religious thought. Above all, let the Protestant theologian remember his obligations to the scientists and scholars of other days, without whose co-operation it did not please God to break the old ecclesiastical domination. Come back with me for only three or four centuries, and behold the human intellect, like an encaged eagle, beating her bare and bleeding pinions against the bars of her prison-house. Who then came to throw open the door of the prison? Was it not the men of letters, as well as the men of faith? Who even yet can say whether the revival of letters did more for the Reformation or the Reformation more for the advancement of letters? All honour to Wickliffe and Huss, to Luther and Melancthon. All honour as well to Roger Bacon and Copernicus, to Galileo and Descartes.

Hard things are said even in our day against *some phases* of theology. Who can deny that hard things need to be said? The things which cannot be shaken will remain. "Scepticism is at the root of our fears." There is indeed a wild unrest all over Christendom. The sore searching winds howl about us, as in a kind of gloomy autumn day. The leaves of the forest are bitten by the frost and driven by the blast. But the well-rooted oaks and cedars will stand; the buds and bloom of many summers are yet to come. The Infinite God will not faint nor grow weary, and in His all-embracing bosom will carry our poor struggling humanity forward, and ever forward toward higher and happier ideals.

PROTESTANT GIRLS IN ROMAN CONVENT SCHOOLS.

BY THE REV. B. F. AUSTIN, B.D.

I.—*Alarm Bells Ringing.*

WITH Quebec, which means Rome, holding the balance of power in our politics; with the French rapidly romanizing Eastern Ontario; with the firm grasp of mother church—the mightiest political organization of the centuries—upon the infant life of the Northwest; with the knowledge of the fact that the whole weight of her vast machinery can be hurled in an hour for or against those who aid or oppose her, one might well imagine there were enough alarm bells ringing to wake a sleeping Protestantism. We write in no spirit of hostility to our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, who have and should enjoy equal rights with us in every respect. We write not to complain, but even to commend them in the matter of which we shall speak—their convent schools—and to set another alarm bell ringing in the drowsy ears of our co-religionists.

These convent schools are planted in almost every city and in the majority of the larger towns of Ontario, and derive from one-third to one-half of their patronage from Protestant families. They outnumber the Protestant boarding-schools five to one, and in proportion to the population are twenty-five times more numerous. Cases of conversion to Romanism through their instrumentality are by no means rare, and it may well be questioned if any Protestant pupils leave these schools without impaired faith in the religion of their fathers. From facts and observations that have come before the writer he is led to believe there are at present one thousand Protestant girls in the Roman Catholic Convent Schools of Ontario.

Let the reader calculate if he can the influence on the faith and life of one thousand Protestant girls—the future mothers of our land—from residence of a year or more in a Roman Convent.

II.—*Roman Convent Schools Organized for the Purpose of Proselytism.*

Why should our Roman Catholic friends in Ontario, with one-fifth of the population, have five times as many boarding-schools for young ladies as the Protestants? There can be but one answer. They are organized and carried on with the express design of making them instruments of proselytism. They are not organized for money-making. They are church schools managed so cheaply as to be able to present their low rates as a constant bait for Protestant patronage. *Their number is altogether beyond the normal needs of the Roman Catholic Church.*

Believing, as most Roman Catholics do, in the damnation of heretics, the devotees of that faith who manage these schools are less than human if they do not put forth every effort to convert misguided Protestants, and lead them into the true fold. Hence, liberal as the managers of these institutions appear in their conversation and dealings with Protestant patrons, it is yet understood that all Protestant students must attend Roman Catholic worship, and take part, at least outwardly, in the daily devotions of the schools. The most charitably disposed person who remembers the history of Roman Catholicism, and her grand boast, *semper eadem*, who watches her persistent and wily struggle for supremacy in politics and education, and notes here and there in society one of her converts made through the convent schools, cannot doubt that earnest and adroit efforts are constantly made in these nurseries

of the Church to win over the future mothers of our land to Rome.

III. *Effects upon Protestantism.*

That such patronage given to these convent schools is a source of great weakness to Protestantism no one can doubt. For a year or more these Protestant young women are as completely lost to their own churches and schools as they would be if dead. So far as instruction in the religion of their people is concerned, the year at the convent school is a blank. They receive nothing that can make them as Protestants, stronger in faith, or more devoted in spirit, or more zealous in work. On the contrary, every one can see that the association with those of another faith, the bonds of affection formed between pupil and teacher, the constant contact with a religious worship that appeals strongly to the senses and the imagination, must weaken their attachment to the religion of their fathers, and give them, unless they are very strong in faith and spirit, a decided distaste for the unadorned simplicity of Protestant worship.

Father Chiniquy is authority for the statement that in Quebec seven out of every ten Protestant girls in these convent schools become converted to Romanism; two are weakened in their own faith, and only one escapes unhurt. Let us assume that in Ontario, where Protestantism is predominant, the percentages of those converted and those unhurt, according to Father Chiniquy, are reversed, that would give us 100 converts to Romanism every year through the convent system in Ontario. One hundred young women converted to Rome to-day, means in twenty years at least eighty families, or four hundred souls added to that Church. Let the reader remember that this drain upon Protestantism is an annual one, and that the loss of four hundred souls means eight hundred annually on a division that will come some day in Ontario, to decide whether Toronto, like Quebec, is to be governed from Rome or not.

IV.—*Why do Protestants Patronize the Convent Schools in Preference to their own Excellent Colleges for Young Women?*

To many it seems surprising that so large an amount of patronage should be given by Protestants to these schools of a rival Church. There are doubtless many causes that have contributed to this. First, the convent schools were in successful operation in Ontario, and had to some extent pre-empted the ground, and made attendance upon them a fashionable thing with Protestants, before most of the present ladies' colleges were organized. Again, the large number of these schools has advertised the convent system throughout the various localities, and given them an amount of local patronage they would not have received otherwise. Another reason has been that the Protestant schools, as a rule, have not received young children, and that men whose families have been broken up by death have been compelled reluctantly to find shelter and training for their young daughters in the convent schools. But the chief reason has doubtless been the low rates offered by these schools for board and tuition. Let it be remembered that these schools; unlike most Protestant schools, are organized for purely Church purposes—not as stock companies, expected to declare dividends. Their rates are put at the lowest margin of profit, and published in such a manner that they appear even lower than they are. Accordingly the impression has gone abroad that these schools are very much cheaper than Protestant schools. This has been up to recent date the case, and is now true to some extent. Whether it be so or not, the impression is upon the public mind, and very often decides the case in favour of the convent schools. The writer's experience and observation on this subject through several years leads to the conviction that the last reason will account for the greater part of the patronage bestowed on the convent schools by the Protestant commu-

nity to-day. No one with any knowledge of the Protestant colleges for young women in Ontario will compare them with the convent schools in building, staff, equipment and scholastic results, to the advantage of the latter.

V.—*Duty of Protestants in the Case.*

Protestants ought to take a few lessons from Roman Catholics, and if they wish to hold their own relatively will be compelled before many years to do so. Why should young women from Protestant homes be committed to Roman Catholic schools? Do Roman Catholics commit the education of their daughters to Protestants? Let Protestant people everywhere support Protestant schools and enable them by increased patronage to rise to higher and still higher excellence.

Protestants may well learn of their Catholic friends the best basis on which to organize and conduct these schools. Let Protestants have and support schools for young women without any regard to financial profits. Let them be made more efficient, and if possible just as cheap as the convent schools. Let ministers call the attention of their people to the danger of placing young women under control of a Church hostile to their views and to the duty of supporting Protestant institutions designed to give sound education under safe moral restraints and religious principles.

NOTES FROM CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

MR. GEO. J. STEVENSON, M.A., the distinguished antiquary of Methodism, and author of the History of City Road Chapel, London, writes a kind note correcting some slight errors of detail in the recent articles on Memorials of Early Methodism, which arose from the fact that the present editor's visit to City Road was made about ten years ago, since which time some changes have been made. We quote from Mr. Stevenson's interesting letter as follows:

"I know your desire for accuracy, and your monthly MAGAZINE is a great teaching power in thousands of families, so that it is of great importance that what is printed there should not be misleading, and is not so intentionally, but errors will creep in.

"Those Memorials of Early Methodism in the December issue are deeply interesting, and very realistic generally, but we who so often attend City Road Chapel, are not able to realize all you have printed, and when Methodists from Canada come here they will be disappointed if they do not find things as you describe them. On page 509 we read, that 'the pulpit is a high enclosed structure, with a reading desk beneath,' etc. This was true in the last decade, but before 1880, the pulpit was lowered five feet, and the reading desk taken away. Page 510 we read, 'In the graveyard without slumber the remains of the Founder of Methodism, of his venerable mother, of Adam Clarke,' etc. This reads strange to Londoners, seeing that John Wesley's mother was buried in 1741, and City Road Chapel was not built till 1778, nearly forty years afterwards. Mrs. Wesley was buried in Bunhill Fields Cemetery, and the grave is marked by a tall stone, not far from John Bunyan's grave."

It is probable that the monument of Susannah Wesley erected in 1870, near the chapel, led to the inference that it marked her burial place.

"Page 511 we read, 'Beside the tomb of John Wesley grows an elder tree,' etc. Ten years ago that was true, but during one summer, seven years since, so many Americans cut slips from it, that only the trunk was left, and about 1881 the trunk was dug up and burnt. There is no tree there now."

It was a slip of the pen to speak of the monuments of the fathers of Early Methodism which line the walls as busts. They are simply mural slabs.

SALVATION AFTER DEATH.*

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, LL.B.

**Is there Salvation after Death? A Treatise on the Gospel in the Intermediate State.* By E. D. MORRIS, D.D., LL.D., of Lane Theological Seminary. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.25.

This is a valuable contribution to theological literature. It is from a hand which holds the subject completely under command. Hence the book is not wearisome by wandering off upon minor points and side issues, nor is it wanting in the fulness necessary to deal reasonably and satisfactorily with the objectionable teaching which it assails. The style is strong and vigorous, never ambiguous, nothing added for the sake of mere words, and strikes the mark fairly, with steady and decisive blows. After a brief statement of the reasons for believing in man's unconditional immortality, there is a clear enunciation, with a short refutation, of the various theories which have been urged as a provision for the escape, after death, of those who die impenitent, from the perdition of ungodly men.

But the object of the book is especially to refute the theory that human probation extends into the intermediate state, and, except a part of the first chapter, it is all devoted to this end. The Scriptures urged in support of such a probation are divided into seven classes, and successively examined; and it is shown with great clearness that by legitimate laws of interpretation these passages afford no support to such a dogma. Another chapter most effectively disposes of the argument derived from generalizations about God and the Bible and Christianity, as, for example, that God's love, and His justice, make such a probation necessary to His nature, and that Christianity is a universal religion.

Christian symbolism, and Christian theology are then brought forward with their testimony on the subject. The last chapter, one of the most valuable in the book, deals with a favourite argument of advocates of the New Theology, that Christian consciousness, and human feeling, and human love, and justice, and hope, compel a belief in such a condition of probation. The author judges the number to be small of those who have gone over to this way of thinking through mere sentimentalism, and that statements to the effect that the tendency of human thought and belief in this direction is well-nigh universal, are much exaggerated.

The reader of this book will find himself greatly refreshed by the manner in which the Bible alone is accepted as the final standard of appeal, and human instincts, and the sense in men of what ought to be, when set up as a standard, are swept aside as inadequate for reasons in themselves to decide the questions at issue. It is likewise an intellectual and spiritual tonic to feel the author's knife cutting clearly between what is genuine and what is illusive in Scripture interpretation. If the book were studied as a manual, in some sort, of the legitimate use and application of Scripture, it would advance men to higher judgment in the use of the Word of God. About sixteen pages from the end of the book is a purely incidental allusion to the pre-millenarian hypothesis, which will be found full of convincing power by all whose minds are not obstructed by a cherished theory against the entrance of the truth.

This book cannot be read without great advantage, and, though its argument will not carry conviction to those in love with a baseless dogma, it will help and strengthen those who rest in a reasonable orthodoxy.—

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The West Central Mission in London is succeeding admirably. A benevolent lady has offered to establish a playground for the boys and girls of the neighbourhood in the school-room of Wardour Hall.

The Birmingham Central Mission, under the son of the late Dr. Luke Wiseman, is also prospering. These missions are the glory of the Church, and their influence will be felt wherever Methodism is planted.

The Liverpool Mission, under the Rev. Charles Garrett, is another hive of industry. During the past year 20,000 visits were made, 2,500 of which were to the sick and poor; 50,000 tracts have been distributed, and 570 persons had signed the temperance pledge; 200 cottage meetings, and 150 open-air services had been held. An appeal is now being made to Lancashire Methodists to raise $15,000 to save a mission hall from falling into the hands of those who will turn it into a low music hall and theatre.

The Manchester Wesleyan ministers invited the ministers of other branches of the Methodist family in the city to meet them in the Central Hall. There was a hearty response and a pleasant evening was spent, and as a practical outcome arrangements were made to hold a united Methodist communion service at as early a period as possible.

It was proposed to raise ten thousand guineas for the Jubilee Fund of the Children's Home, and the latest intelligence we have received states that the greater part of the amount has been paid or promised. This is a noble gift on behalf of God's poor.

The Revs. P. Thompson, Thomas Cook, and J. G. Mantle are about to found a new order in Methodism. The order is to be called "Out and out," and every member is to pledge himself to be an out-and-out Christian. The movement is to be sustained by a monthly magazine edited by these three ministers.

The will and two codicils of the late Sir William McArthur, K.C.M.G., has been proved. The personal estate in the United Kingdom amounts to $604,685. The property in Australia and New Zealand is not included. Besides leaving large amounts to relatives and servants, and making ample provision for Lady McArthur, he left $5,000 each to the London City Mission and the Bible Society. Methodism in Ireland was not forgotten, hence $50,000 is donated to a Theological Institution there, $75,000 to the Home for Wesleyan ministers' daughters, and a further sum of $75,000 to be invested for the maintenance of the said institution, and $25,000 to the Methodist College, Belfast, and $5,000 to the Wesleyan Church in Enniskillen. English Methodism is benefited thus: $50,000 to the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund, $5,000 to the Children's Home, Birmingham branch; $5,000 to the Orphan Working School. At Lady McArthur's decease the principal reserved for her benefit, $250,000, is to be divided between the various Methodist Missionary and Contingent Funds in England.

New Connexion and Primitive Methodist.

Thirty ladies of Hull have formed an ambulance class. Dr. Milburn, the son of a minister, gives the lectures.

An effort is being made to largely increase the income of practical usefulness of the New Connexion Chapel Fund. During the last forty-five years it has given to trust estates $175,000 and has helped to sweep

away $500,000 of school and church debts.

Some of the bishops of the Anglican Church are showing that they are no wiser than their grandfathers. Recently Mr. Goodacre, a licensed lay-reader of St. Mary's, Peterborough, accepted an invitation to conduct a service in the Primitive Methodist Chapel. For this act of Christian brotherliness he has been severely censured by that eloquent defender of State Churchism, Dr. Magee, Bishop of Peterborough. The lay-reader has shown a good deal more of the spirit of Christ than the right reverend father in God, who is apparently more concerned about the Church's civil status than the Gospel's spiritual victories.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Dr. Thoburn some time ago called for twenty-five missionary volunteers for India. He has received twenty-four men and women, all of whom have sailed to that important mission field.

Dr. and Mrs. Lowry recently visited Bishop Taylor's missions in South America where they settled some additional missionaries. The published reports of their visit are full of interest. Mrs. Lowry is now endeavouring to raise $5,000 for a new church at Conception, Chili, where there are seventeen members, two local preachers, and a school of 150 pupils.

Bishop Taylor, in a letter from Cape Palmas, Liberia, says: The king and chiefs bind themselves by written agreement to give us all the land we need for all our mission and industrial school purposes, to clear land and plant first crop, and all free of charge. We hope to build seventeen houses by Christmas and to occupy them by thirty missionary men and women by January 1888.

Bishop Hurst says 8,000,000 of Indians in Mexico have never seen a copy of the Word of God.

The pastor of Cornell Memorial Methodist Church in New York, Rev. J. B. Hamilton, gives the result of a careful house-to-house canvass of his district, which is on the east side up town and contains 10,000 voters. Of 968 in business, 148 have saloons. Of the 9,375 families he classifies 6,131 as Unevangelical, 3,050 as Evangelical and 194 as unknown. The unevangelical class is made up of 4,079 Roman Catholic families, 1,826 Jewish, 202 non-church, four Socialist, three Unitarian, four Universalist, two Ethical Culture, two Buddhist and four Atheist.

The Methodist Hospital in Brooklyn has been dedicated. It is intended to have nine buildings in all when the hospital is completed. The total cost will be $1,200,000. There are now more than seventy beds, and the majority will be free. People of all creeds will be received.

The General Missionary Committee has made appropriations for the current year amounting to $1,202,821 for mission work.

The Woman's Missionary Society reports 113,259 members and an income of $191,077.55.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

A female missionary recently went to China, and at the farewell meeting held in Nashville she thrilled every heart as she spoke with quivering lip.

The appointment of the General Board of Missions of a week of self-denial and prayer resulted in a collection of more than $30,000, though it was but partially observed.

The total receipts of the Publishing House was $282,462.01, an increase of $19,573.43.

Methodism in Japan.

We copy the following from the *Northern Christian Advocate:*

"Japan is trying the experiment of close co-operative union among missions of the same denominational affinities. The Calvinistic Churches have had such organized union for some time. The Church of England missions of the American Protestant Episcopal Churches have drawn close to each other in a similar way, and now the Methodist

Church of Canada and the Methodist Episcopal Church, both having missions in that country, have drawn up a proposed basis of union for their Churches in Japan."

Dr. Abel Stevens, in a recent letter to the New York *Advocate*, tells how he himself on two recent Sundays preached in a Buddhist temple to a congregation half native and half foreign, with Buddha and his usual emblems before him and his venerable priest at hand and silent, while Christian hymns rang through all the corridors. Convinced that their old religions are incompatible with the national ambition, the Japanese are equally convinced that Christianity is the only admissible substitute, and the statesmen and publicists generally are ready to adopt it, if not from moral sympathy with it, yet from motives of policy. The greatest native journalist throughout the empire, who was once hostile to Christianity, has at last come out in favour of it as an indispensable condition of Japanese recognition among the civilized nations.

There is a great change regarding the position of women in Japan. Many who a few years ago looked with contempt on woman are now anxious to raise her to the same level as in Western nations. The desire to have their daughters educated has worked in favour of Christianity, since it is not considered safe to send girls to any exccpt Christian schools. All the mission schools for girls in Tokyo are over-crowded. Two Japanese gentlemen have become responsible for fifty thousand dollars toward the establishment of a school for girls belonging to the higher classes.

A monthly journal called the *Methodist Advocate* is now published in Yokohama. A large portion of the first number is in Japanese, giving the "origin of the Methodist Church," "the duty of members," "the benefits woman derives from Christianity," an "Address by Dr. A. Stevens," etc. It records among its incidents, "A glorious revival in Tokyo and Yokohama," and remarks that street preaching is carried on with great success!

The chief supporter of the Chinese mission in Korea is Ah Hok, a wealthy and generous Chinaman, who a few years ago gave $10,000 to the Anglo-Chinese College at Foochow, and more recently $1,000 to a church at Hongkong. He gave $1,000 to the Korean Mission, and himself accompanied the two missionaries who went out.

The Death Roll.

Rev. Alexander Mackonochie, who was formerly rector of St. Albans, London, where he excited great commotion by his ritualistic proceedings, is dead. He suffered imprisonment and various privations in the advocacy of his opinions. For some years his name has seldom been mentioned. His death was very sad, as he was found in a snow-bank near Ballachulish, Scotland, December 18, 1887. It is believed that he had lost his way and wandered about until he became exhausted, and then lay down and died.

Rev. Thomas Culbert. This devoted brother was a member of the Guelph Conference. He entered the ministry in 1850, was received into full connection and ordained in 1854. His labours were given to some hard fields of toil, but we never heard him complain. His health was never robust, but he laboured with great zeal and was blessed with success. He was a devoted student and possessed a well-selected library. During the later years of his life he was obliged to take a superannuated relation, though for some years he had charge of our Indian Missions. Brother Culbert was a good man, one whom we greatly loved.

The Rev. Thomas Nattrass, Wesleyan minister, of London, Eng., died recently while conducting service in one of the churches in London. We knew Brother Nattrass in youth, and watched his career with deep interest. He accompanied the writer and his companions to the ship when we left England for Canada more than thirty years ago. He died at his post after having been in the ministry thirty-five years.

Book Notices.

The Holy Land and the Bible; A Book of Scripture Illustrations Gathered in Palestine. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. With map of Palestine. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. viii-560. New York: James Pott & Co., Publishers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $6.00.

We have read many books on Palestine, but we do not remember any that has equalled in fascinating interest and in permanent value these goodly volumes, the latest work of the accomplished author of "Hours with the Bible," and "Life of Christ." Dr. Geikie was admirably prepared by years of minute and careful study of the Scriptures, to derive the greatest possible benefit from the study of the land in which their chief scenes were laid. He possesses, moreover, in a remarkable degree, "the seeing eye"—the trained habit of observation, a keen insight, and a photographic fidelity in recording impressions which make his eyes more useful than their own to many who might look upon the same scenes. He is a master of descriptive style and gives a vivid picture without overcrowding with details. We have been struck with the pre-Raphaelite-like manner with which characteristic features are sketched—the peasants or beggars in their many-coloured garbs, the varied street scenes, the procession of mangey camels or tinkling mule trains, and the thousand things that go to make up the completeness of an oriental picture. But the chief value of the work is its countless illustrations of Scripture. The best commentary on the Book is the land in which it was written. The immemorial customs and unchanging wont of the orient flash a thousand side-lights on the sacred page that nothing else can give. We wish every preacher of the Gospel would study in person the fifth Gospel that the Holy Land itself presents. But the next best thing is to follow in the footprints of so competent a guide as Dr. Geikie. He traversed the land throughout its length and breadth — from Beersheba to Dan and far beyond to Damascus and Baalbec and Beyroot. He travelled leisurely, he studied minutely, he recorded carefully. His studies are given in two noble volumes, clearly printed, well bound and with 38 pages of index. We purpose putting this book into competent hands for the more adequate treatment of some of the most striking aspects of modern Palestine.

Commentary on the Gospel of Matthew. By JOHN A. BROADUS, D.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. ii.-610. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. Price (in U.S.) $2.25.

This is the initial volume of an extended Commentary on the New Testament, to be edited by Dr. Alvah Hovey. A volume on each of the Gospels, one on the Acts and one on the Revelation have already been published.

Dr. Broadus, the learned Principal of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., has won a well-merited reputation as one of the most sound and lucid of modern commentators. In this volume he amply vindicates that reputation. The needs of the average Bible reader, of the Sunday-school teacher, of the preaching fraternity, have been kept in view in preparing this work. The expositions are eminently practical, and the homiletical department will be found exceedingly suggestive and helpful. This commentary does not profess to be undenominational. It is frankly and strongly Baptist in its discussion of all questions relating to baptism. But it is courteous, candid and fair to those adopting different expositions. "After all," says the learned author, "there are but

few passages in the Gospel in regard to which evangelical opinion is seriously at variance." This volume will be especially valuable to Sunday-school teachers and superintendents as covering the ground of the lessons for the first half of this year.

A valuable general introduction to the New Testament is prefixed by the venerable Dr. Alvah Hovey, the general editor of the comprehensive commentary of which this volume forms a part. The work is stereotyped at the expense of a bequest for that purpose by Gardner Colby; so, though a large volume, it is published at a low price.

Sermons Preached in St. Andrew's Church, Quebec. By JOHN COOK, D.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. 354. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

More than a score years ago we heard Dr. Cook preach in a hotel parlour in Cacouna. The memory of his beauty of style and earnestness of spirit has remained with us ever since. Many will remember the thrilling occasion on which Dr. Cook appeared before the Methodist Conference as the honoured spokesman for his own Church, when Dr. Punshon, grasping his hand, joined with him in a "solemn league and covenant against all the sin and the Man of Sin." In these pages the large loving heart and spiritual nature of the man are more fully disclosed. Of the twenty-seven sermons in this volume all but nine are from the New Testament—most of them from the Gospels, and many of them discussing the purpose and work of the Redeemer. They contain the very "marrow and fatness of the Gospel." As devout worshippers come nearer to the Cross and the Crucified One, they come nearer to one another, and we feel our common spiritual kinship in all the Churches. While eminently practical, some of these sermons discuss profound religious problems, as those on the separate functions of law and love, on the outer and inner creed in men, on why there is not more evidence of a future life, and the like.

Modern Cities and Their Religious Problems. By SAMUEL LANE LOOMIS. With an Introduction by the Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D. Cloth, 211 pages; price $1. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book sets out with the assertion that the city is the Gibraltar of civilization. If it be held for God and righteousness it is a bulwark of truth. If it be dominated by the saloon and places of vicious resort, it becomes an intrenched fortress of evil. The author discusses in this important volume the growth and social composition of modern cities, and the menaced peril of Christian civilization which they constitute. But while he shows us the bane he also points out the antidote. He shows how successful Christian work has been in London, Paris, and elsewhere, and devotes a valuable chapter to the suggestions for promoting greater efficiency in the evangelization of the great churchless and godless masses of large cities. There is in this book much to stir the heart of the lover of his kind. When Christ beheld the multitudes he had compassion upon them. So should His Church. Rich churches are in danger of becoming little more than social clubs. The only safeguard is to engage in aggressive Christian work on the lines indicated in this volume.

The Catacombs of Rome and their Testimony Relative to Christianity. By W. H. WITHROW, D.D.. Cr. 8vo, pp. 560. London: Hodder, Stoughton & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is the fourth English edition of this book. The eminent publishing house which issued the earlier editions has just brought out this one in handsome style on heavy paper, with wide margins and uncut edges, and well bound. It is somewhat of a compliment to a Canadian book that it should reach so many English editions, besides having a large sale in the United States and Canada. It has been very favourably

reviewed by the leading English literary periodicals such as the London *Standard*, *Spectator*, *Academy*, *Athenæum*, *Saturday Review*, *British Quarterly*, *London Quarterly*, *Edinburgh Review*, and many others. The London *Nonconformist* says: "It must supersede every other work in the English language on the Catacombs." It is gratifying to find that after fifteen years it is not itself superseded, and that the new edition required the alteration of only a single line. We claim only that it is a piece of honest, faithful workmanship. We never expect to have the time to do as careful work again.

Life-History of our Planet. By WILLIAM D. GUNNING. Cr. 8vo, pp. 368. New York: Worthington Co.

In this busy age the man who popularizes the teachings of recent science and presents them in succinct and intelligible style confers no small benefit upon his kind. This work Mr. Gunning has done with very great skill and success. He is master of his subject and of its literature, the results of which he presents in a fascinating manner. He discusses the genesis of the earth, its geological history, the evolution of the different species, genera and orders, the problems of the ice age, the antiquity and migrations of man, his origin, and the process and causes of the differentiation of races, and kindred topics. The writer is a thorough paced evolutionist, and from that point of view sets forth clearly the theory and the evidences in its support. The book is copiously illustrated. An ingenious diagram gives the record of the elipticity of the earth's orbit for the last million years and predicts that for the succeeding million years. This indicates its periods of greatest refrigeration and throws much light on the successions of frigid and torrid climates. The book has more than the fascination of romance, is a fine specimen of scientific argument and is written in a vein of lofty eloquence.

Briar and Palm: A Story of Circumstance and Influence. By ANNIE S. SWAN, author of "Aldersyde," "Carlowrie," etc. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs Price $1.50.

The authoress of this volume is not unknown to the book-world, as she has already sent forth at least twenty volumes, all of which have been published by the enterprising firm of Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Her works have had an extensive sale and have been highly commended. She has also received an autograph letter, containing flattering commendation of her strongly-written "Aldersyde," from the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, who expresses his high admiration of the writer's talents. "Briar and Palm," is a 12mo volume of 318 pages, beautifully printed, containing several well-executed etchings. The design of the writer is to spread sunshine wherever her book may go. The various characters are well drawn, the fearful effects of social pride are graphically set forth, the power of goodness even in a child, is vividly described. Several valuable lessons are taught, and to young people especially the volume will be very attractive. The miseries of the poor in a great city and the social problem arising therefrom are vividly portrayed.—E. B.

A School History of Canada. By W. H. WITHROW, D.D., and an *Outline History of Canadian Literature* By G. MERCER ADAM. Pp. 232. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 60 cents.

This book was prepared to give Canadian members of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle some knowledge of the history and literature of their own country. It would not become the present writer to speak of his own part of the work.

Mr. G. Mercer Adam has performed the delicate and difficult task of grouping and characterising the writers of Canada with great judiciousness and skill. Nowhere else

can be found such a succinct yet complete review of our native authors. The extent and variety of our nascent Canadian literature will be a surprise to those who examine this outline.

We take the liberty of inserting the following from a review in the New York *Epoch*:—"The early history of the country is admirably summarized, and the later progress and development, especially since the railway era began, are sketched with a masterly hand. The present writer—a jaded critic—read the book at one sitting—every word of it—a pretty sure indication of interest."

Stories of Persons and Places in Europe. By E. D. BENEDICT. 8vo, 485 pages, in illuminated boards. New York and London: Geo. Routledge & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

This handsome volume has hundreds of engravings of the most celebrated places and persons in European history, with descriptions and interesting stories, illustrative of those places and persons and the events with which they were connected. We venture to say that any intelligent boy or girl will derive more knowledge of geography and history from these books than from six months or a year of the ordinary school instruction. And even "grown-up folk," though they may have travelled far and read much, will find here a great deal that is as novel and instructive as it is interesting.

The Bow in the Cloud; or, Words of Comfort, for those in Sickness, Sorrow, and the Varied Afflictions of Life. By 200 best Authors—Prose and Poetry. Edited by Rev. J. SANDERSON, D.D. Pp. 452. New York: E. B. Treat. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.75.

> Friend after friend departs:
> Who hath not lost a friend?

In times of sorrow and bereavement the heart aches for solace and sympathy. Yet oftentimes the spoken word jars upon the soul, and well-meaning but injudicious friends are only Job's comforters after all. In this volume we have the choicest thoughts of some of the wisest, best, and tenderest-hearted spirits of our race, uttered under the pressure of deepest grief. We note such writers as Flavel, Vaughan, Macduff, Cuyler, Talmage, Whittier, Moody, Chalmers, Spurgeon, Kitto, Guthrie, Schaff, Hervey, Payson, Beecher, Alford, Faber, and many more. To ministers and many others who are called to sympathize with the sorrowing this book will be found helpfully suggestive.

Sermons for the International Lessons for 1888. By the MONDAY CLUB. Thirteenth Series. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Publishing House; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Pp. 414. Price $1.25.

We have found the series of annual volumes of sermons, of which this forms a part, one of the most helpful for the study of the International Sunday-school lessons. They keep up the freshness and suggestiveness from year to year. A striking proof of their popularity and usefulness is that they have reached the thirteenth series. Sunday-school superintendents and teachers will find this volume very useful. We wish the practice of preaching on the Sunday-school lessons were more common. We believe that it would be found very attractive and instructive to both young and old and would often clinch the truths taught in the school.

Age of Creation. By WILLIAM J. CASSIDY. 12mo, pp. 356. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.25.

This is a very creditable specimen of Canadian book-making, both from a mechanical and from a literary point of view. It is a good omen when our native writers devote their attention to the problems of science. The author is evidently well-read in recent scientific literature. He shows his independence of thought by differing from many preceding writers.

He will, of course, grant his readers the right of differing from him, except where his arguments have sufficient cogency to carry conviction to their minds. He gives his adhesion to the catastrophic rather than the uniformitarian theory of geology, and assigns in thirty interesting chapters his reasons for such adhesion. He closes with an interpretation of the Mosaic cosmogony, a theory of the origin of life and of the final catastrophe of the universe.

Poems and Translations. By MARY MORGAN. (Gowan Lea.) Pp. 195. Montreal: J. Theo. Robinson.

This is a dainty little volume, containing the collected poems of a lady well known to Canadian readers under the pseudonym of Gowan Lea. They are marked by elevation of tone and grace of expression and by depth and tenderness of feeling. Some of the finest things in the volume are the numerous sonnets it contains—and the sonnet is one of the highest tests of poetic ability. A number of graceful translations from French, German, and Italian, and a charming German prose idyl complete this graceful addition to Canadian literature. As a specimen of our author's gentle muse we quote the following:

WITH A BUNCH OF WILD ROSES.

Ah, deem not that this simple little flower
Unfolded all its tender bloom in vain;
Did it not glorify a summer hour,
And leave a sweetness in the summer rain?

Then sigh not for its transitoriness,
Or let this thought be joined to every sigh,
That a frail blossom's passing loveliness
Is lovelier for the thought that it must die!

A human life is like a precious flower,
One cannot truly live and be in vain:
A soul of beauty—nature's grandest dower—
Must leave a glory on the world's wide plain.

And e'en as zephyrs waft from shore to shore
The fragrant essence of the flowery lea,
So Heaven-born truth is floating evermore
From age to age of our humanity."

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Wesleyan Christian Advocate of Macon, Ga., is one of the best of our Southern exchanges. If any of our readers would like a "live" Southern Methodist paper we will club it with the METHODIST MAGAZINE for $3.50—full price for the two $4.00.

The January number of the *Methodist Review* is a very good one. It contains among other articles a vigorous paper by the Rev. E. Barrass, M.A., on Dr. Bunting, the distinguished English Wesleyan divine.

The *Scientific American* and *Scientific American Supplement* are among the most valued exchanges that come to our table. Every scientific discovery, invention, or construction throughout the world is described and illustrated in these pages. In no way that we know can one so well keep abreast of the scientific progress of the age. (New York: Munn & Co. *Scientific American*, $3 a year; *Supplement*, $5; both together, $7.)

The handsomest series of illustrations of the Niagara Falls and other scenes in our own country that we have seen is that in the large guide book of over 200 pages issued by the Michigan Central Railway. The instantaneous photographs of the Falls and Rapids are marvels of accuracy and artistic skill.

The *New Princeton* is the most able and handsomely printed review that comes to our table. Such writers as Lowell, Warner, Lathrop, Taine, Fiske, John Hall and others of first rank discuss in its pages the live topics of the day. Mark Twain and Brander Matthews on the Copyright Law in the current number furnish the funniest review article we ever read. Price $3 a-year. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Co.

THE ROSEG GLACIER.